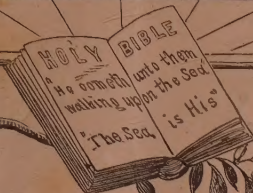


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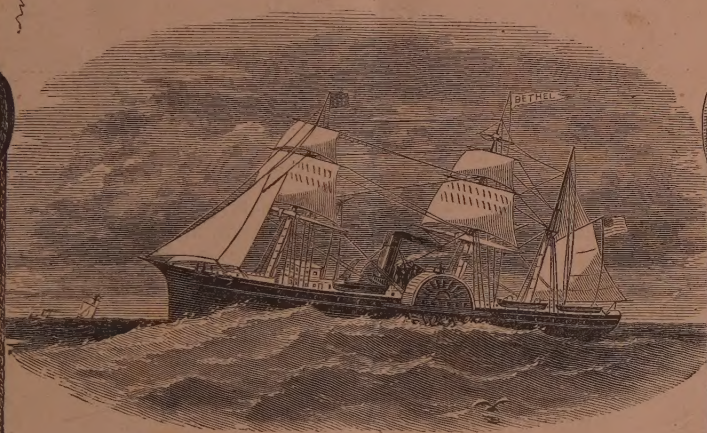
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VOL. XXXIX.

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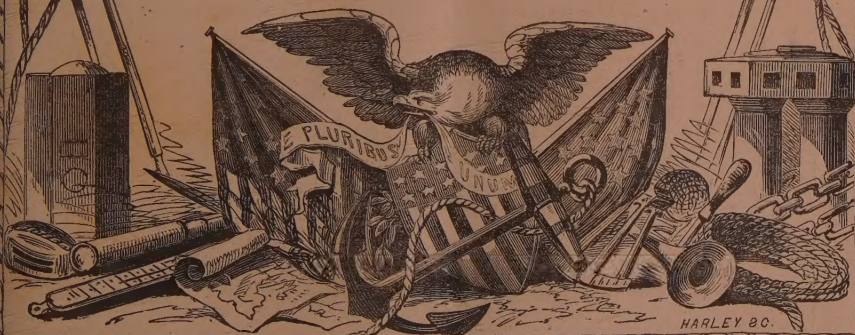


# THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE, — and — SEAMEN'S FRIEND



JUNE, 1867.

Published by the American Seamen's Friend Society,  
80 Wall Street, New York.



HARLEY & CO.

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## THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

THE SAILOR'S MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly pamphlet of thirty-two pages, will contain the proceedings of the American Seamen's Friend Society, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies, in behalf of Seamen. It will aim to present a general view of the history, nature, the progress and the wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, commending it earnestly to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of all Christian people.

It is designed also to furnish interesting reading matter for seamen, especially such as will tend to their spiritual edification. Important notices to mariners, memoranda of disasters, deaths, &c., will be given. It will contain correspondence and articles from our Foreign Chaplains, and of Chaplains and friends of the cause at home. No field at this time presents more ample material for an interesting periodical. To single subscribers, \$1 a year in advance. To any one who will send us \$5 for five subscribers, a sixth copy will be sent gratis. It will be furnished Life Directors and Life Members gratuitously, *upon an annual request for the same.* POSTAGE in advance—quarterly, at the office of delivery—within the United States: *twelve cents a year.*

## THE LIFE-BOAT.

This little sheet, published monthly, will contain brief anecdotes, incidents, and other facts relative to Sea Libraries or Missions.

Any Sabbath School or individual who will send us \$15, for a loan library, shall have fifty copies gratis, monthly, for one year, with the postage prepaid by the Society.

It will also be furnished as a *four* page tract adapted to Seamen, and for gratuitous distribution among them at 30 cents per 100.



THE  
SAILORS' MAGAZINE,  
AND  
SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

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Vol. 39.

JUNE, 1867.

No. 10.

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THIRTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

The anniversary services this year were opened on Sabbath evening, May 5th, with a sermon, in the First Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, by the Rev. W. H. H. MURRAY, of West Meriden, Ct. The favorable opinion expressed in regard to Mr. Murray's discourse, at the time of its delivery, will be increased upon reading it. We give it in full in the present number of the MAGAZINE. The anniversary was held in Steinway Hall, Monday evening, at half-past seven o'clock, WILLIAM A. BOOTH, Esq., President of the Society in the chair.

After prayer had been offered by the Rev. M. M. G. DANA, of Norwich, Ct., and the singing of the hymn, "Wake the Song of Jubilee," &c., an abstract of the Annual Report, showing the prosperous state of the Society, was read by Secretary LOOMIS.

The audience was then addressed by the Hon. O. S. FERRY, U. S. Senator of Connecticut; Capt. C. C. DUNCAN, of New York; Mr. FRANK THOMPSON, under appointment as Seamen's Chaplain at Rio de Janeiro, and Rev. MASON NOBLE, D. D., Chaplain U. S. Navy. These addresses (reported by Mr. GEO. J. MANSON) will appear in the present and subsequent numbers of the MAGAZINE.

The interesting exercises of the anniversary were brought to a close with benediction by the venerable Dr. Cox.

Immediately after the public services, the Society proceeded to the election of the following gentlemen as members of the Board of Trustees, to serve for the term of three years: I. FERRIS, D. D.; H. LOOMIS, D. D.; WM. A. BOOTH, Esq.; JAMES DEMAREST, Esq.; C. S. ROBINSON, D. D.; RICHARD P. BUCK, Esq.; CALEB B. KNEVALS, Esq.; S. H. HALL, D. D.

A vote of thanks was passed to the speakers of the evening, and to Mr. THEODORE E. PERKINS for his musical services on the occasion.

The following, from the abstract of the Annual Report, will show at a glance the work and condition of the Society :

### FOREIGN CHAPLAINCIES.

The Society supports wholly, or in part, Chaplains and Sailor Missionaries as follows : One in St. Johns, N. B. ; one on the Labrador Coast ; *nine* Sailor Missionaries in Sweden and Denmark, most of whom report revivals of religion of a most deeply interesting character ; two in Belgium ; two in France ; two at the Sandwich Islands ; one at the Chincha Islands, in Peru ; one at Valparaiso, Chili, and one is under appointment for Rio de Janeiro, to sail in a few days. The Missionary of the Reformed Dutch Church, at Yokohama, Japan, renders us valuable assistance at that station. The Board hope soon to be able to re-establish some of our Chaplaincies in China and the West Indies.

### DOMESTIC CHAPLAINCIES.

Our Chaplain in San Francisco reports a new Bethel so far finished that he has commenced preaching in it. He also reports 50 hopeful conversions during the year. The Chaplains in Norfolk, Richmond, Wilmington, N. C., Charleston, S. C.; Mobile, New Orleans, and Galveston, report progress in the work of repair and reconstruction more or less hopeful of the future.

### SEA MISSIONS.

The demand for Loan Libraries from captains and officers is increasing every year. This system was commenced in 1859.

Up to May, 1859, there had been shipped 10 libraries.							
2d year	"	"	1860	"	were shipped	94	"
3d	"	"	1861	"	"	113	"
4th	"	"	1862	"	"	117	"
5th	"	"	1863	"	"	218	"
6th	"	"	1864	"	"	421	"
7th	"	"	1865	"	"	396	"
8th	"	"	1866	"	"	307	"
9th	"	"	1867	"	"	534	"

Total,	.	.	.	.	2,210
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Of this number, 696 have been shipped in the United States Navy, and accessible at different times to about 78,000 men. Since the war, 140 have been returned and reshipped in the



merchant service. There are now in the navy 556, and in the merchant service 1,654, accessible to about 34,000 men. The whole number of volumes in these 2,210 libraries is about 99,500, and accessible to over 112,000 seamen at sea, many of whom have read from 50 to 100 of these books. The reshipments during the whole time have been about 950, which would make the number of officers and men, a large share of them converted sailors, who have had charge of these libraries, and thus become sea missionaries, 3,160.

The Pennsylvania Society during the year have *given* to naval and merchant vessels and canal boats 138 libraries of *five* different sizes, from 20 to 200 volumes each, making 380 vessels supplied since 1861, with libraries containing 14,586 volumes.

Of these 3,160 sailor missionaries, comparatively few have made reports. These few, however, report a general improvement in the character and conduct of the men on shipboard in every respect, and 518 hopeful conversions to Christ. The libraries now cost the Society \$15 each, but contain \$25 worth of books at the ordinary market price.

### SAILORS' HOME.

The number of boarders received since May 1st, 1866 to May 1st, 1867, is 1,234, making since the Home was opened, *twenty-five* years, 71,997.

This closes the *fifth* year of Mr. CASSIDY'S superintendence. During that time 10,970 have boarded at the Home. A part of these boarders have deposited in his hands for safe keeping, \$211,614, of which \$81,411 have been sent to their relatives, and \$76,158 deposited in savings banks; 3,336 have shipped without advance wages, nearly *one-third* of the whole number. *Ninety-four* have given evidence of conversion under the influence of religious exercises at the Home. \$1,710 have been expended on the shipwrecked and destitute. These figures need no comment to show the importance of that Institution, both to the temporal and spiritual interests of seamen.

### COLORED SAILORS' HOME.

This house has received during the year 416 cooks, stewards and seamen, making since it was re-opened, after the July riots,

September, 1862, 2,456. Of shipwrecked and destitute, 30 have been relieved during the year, making 144 during the above time, at an expense to the Society of \$913.60.

A more permanent Institution is greatly needed for the increasing number of colored seamen sailing out of this port.

### THE LAW FOR THE BETTER PROTECTION OF SEAMEN.

This law, creating a Board for licensing and supervising Sailors' Boarding-Houses, has been in operation in this port but one year, and yet has accomplished much. The sailor has found the Board a place of refuge and protection; and landlords are coming under a wholesome fear of defrauding him. The better class of them are favorable to the law, and its provisions. It is making the business respectable and honorable. It needs, however, amending, so as to give the Board more power to remedy other abuses to which the sailor is subjected. It also needs a more general application to other ports, through the Legislatures of other States, and the general Government.

### TREASURY.

The receipts into the Treasury of the Parent Society, including balance of last year, have been	-	-	-	\$57,219.60
The expenditures,	-	-	-	53,798.98

Leaving a balance of	-	-	-	-	\$3,420.62
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In addition to this, Mr. McGLASHAN has collected for the Mobile Sailors' Home, \$817.20, and for the Galveston Sailors' Home, \$2,260.65, in all, \$3,077.85.

These, with receipts into the Treasuries of Branches, Auxiliaries and Affiliated Societies, make a total of \$98,230.17.

Such is but a meager outline of the Report of the labors and success of another year.

By the increasing benefactions and interest of the church; by the manifest blessings of heaven; by the sure word of prophecy, that this great power of the sea shall be converted to the church, your Board are encouraged to "go forward."



## THE SAILOR'S WANTS AND WRONGS:

## A DISCOURSE,

BY THE REV. W. H. H. MURRAY, OF WEST MERIDEN, CT.

JONAH i. 6. "So the ship-master came to him and said unto him, what meanest thou, O sleeper? Arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not."

These words come up from the past, wet with the spray of tempest and full of the murmur of storm. The sweep of the wind and the roll of the waves are under this passage, and the exhortation of it, is like the cry of a drowning man struggling in the trough of a sea. This verse is a fragment floated to us from afar, such as travelers find on the beach of stormy coasts, memorial of danger met and havoc made. Centuries have passed since the recreant prophet was awakened by these words; the years, like waves, have risen and sunk in ceaseless undulations, and many a warning cry has startled restless sleepers, but winds blow, and vessels founder, and the wrath and mercy of God still follow after such as sail the sea. The waters rest for ever in the hollow of His hand, and the commerce of the world with all its ships of war float within the circle of His palm.

With these thoughts as a basis, I have built a discourse which I am now to pronounce before you, suggestive of the sailor's wants and wrongs; his claims upon your sympathy, and our duty as Christian men and women, and as a Christian nation unto him.

The sailor has a soul, a heaven to gain, a doom to escape. In what I say to you I shall consider him as a man. His connection with commerce, with national progress, with civilization, is not my theme. Regarding him from such a standpoint, I might not hope to advance anything new or needed, for older and abler men than I have often reaped this field, and enriched you annually with the golden sheaves of their maturer thought. I shall present him to you in his individual capacity alone. I take him by the hand as I would take a brother, marked with the features of the whole race, depraved, polluted, fallen, needing and being capable, in common with us all, of restoration into the image of Him, out of whom we all came, from whom we have all wandered, and unto whom we all hope, in due succession, to be restored. In God's eye he is our equal. His life is made up of struggles, failures, and triumphs as is ours. Out of nothingness as did we he came, and into the shadows which await us all his feet by and by will pass.

And first I speak to you of the sailor as a *Tempted Man*.

Have any of you who are before me ever been tempted? I mean, have you been swept by the current of circumstances beyond your depth, and had to struggle for it? Have you ever been compelled to take some wild passion by the throat, and wrestle with it? Have you locked in with some sinewy appetite, felt the hot breath of it on your cheek, and the close pressure of its terrible embrace? Is there a woman here who can remember an hour when her soul awoke as from a trance, and she found herself standing on the brink of a chasm? Is there a man who has ever walked along the edge of what, if he had stumbled and fallen into, he feels now would have been his ruin? If not, then will these words fall dead upon your ears, and your hearts remain un-

moved at the picture I present ; for danger to be appreciated must first be felt, and none, save those who stand with effort, can sympathize with such as fall.

But if there be one and another of you who have borne up against pressure, if any man who has waded out into the dark tide of enticing sin, and felt the fierce suction of it ; who has stood panting and with white face in the midst of that stream, the bottom of which is so slippery, and the current of which is so swift, any woman who has wrung her hands and cried mightily to God in some dark hour, when hell mustered its forces over against the citadel of her virtue, who, white and stainless to-night, shudders to think what might have been ; the hearts of such are open to my plea, and the cry of the sailor as a tempted man, through me as its herald, will sound like the boom of a gun, summoning you to the rescue. Along your wharves, between the decks of ships, and far over the sea, the devil walks to-night, master of how many arts, father of how many lies, adept in how many wiles, backed by how many resources, let you who have met him face to face, and the history of fallen man declare. Avarice, tyranny, malice, painted vice, and the apathy of Christians are the agents and methods of his triumph. Ah me ! many a soul will lose its whiteness to-night, and many a boy, for whom some mother is praying, will take his first lesson in vice. Even while we speak, the enemy triumphs ; while you listen, he exults.

I present to your sympathies, therefore, the sailor as a tempted man. And not to your sympathies alone, but to that universal sentiment of pity which poets declare exists in all human hearts, and which bringeth a divine moisture to the eyes of men, at the spectacle of human woe and wretchedness. Indeed the sailor lives and moves amid temptations. The very atmosphere he breathes is loaded with moral contagion. Afloat or ashore he is never free from it. Into whatever port he sails it meets him. On whatever ship he serves it is there. It lurks like an evil genius at the mouth of harbors. It converts his very necessities into means for his destruction. Friendship is perverted, and the very associations which God intended to minister to his elevation, do in fact serve but to debase him. His soul, like his body, is in daily danger, and his whole life is but a succession of gales and storms.

This consideration becomes doubly forcible, when you reflect upon the nature of the sailor. Some men are so mean they can never be greatly tempted. Their natures are so small that the devil himself is not very anxious to get them. A liberal, frank, generous nature is worth something to God, and his great enemy knows it. Around such he circles his influences ; against such he marshals his forces. Increase a man's greatness, and you multiply his temptations. The larger his nature the warmer his feelings ; the higher his talents the more direful will be his struggles and the sharper his pains. The large-browed men of history have been heavy-hearted men. They had their crosses, and each did climb some Calvary. Well, as it is with men, so it is with classes. One sailor is a type of all ; with slight exceptions he represents his class. Frank, generous, earnest in all he undertakes, he is peculiarly subject to temptation. He is open to attack because of his surroundings, but more yet because of his nature. The tides of the sea are not stronger than his passions. His impulses



are like the undulations of waves. His appetites like the suction of the maelstrom. The smallness and caution of the landsman are unknown to him. He revels in sin, or delights in virtue, with his whole soul. There is no depth in vice he will not sound, nor height of holiness up which he may not climb. He squanders his patrimony like a prodigal, but when he returns, it is with humiliation and tears.

It might be thought that such a nature once degraded could not be elevated, and that the very debasement of the sailor is such as to preclude the hope of his reformation. And some do take this ground, and justify their apathy upon it. Against such, I set the proposition, that it is not so much the depth of degradation as the character of the degraded which affords data for correct judgment in this matter. The eagle with his pinions clipt, soiled in plumage, and lashed to his perch is an eagle still. His eye is fixed on the heavens; his thoughts are of the grey crag where he was born; of the mother who taught him to soar, and the cliffs which echoed her stormy cry. A captive, in fetters, degraded, his longings are for the upper air; he waiteth but for an opportunity to mount into the blue spaces, and skirt once more the margin of the stars. So it is with men. There are souls which no fetters can chain. In the deepest depth, a divine restlessness makes them uneasy. The memory of their origin and former altitude disquiets them. Give them but the opportunity, cut the cords which bind them, and they will gain the original level; nay, use their freedom to mount far beyond their former height. For one, I believe in the existence of strong upward tendencies in man. He does not wallow, out of love of it; but some blind law, sharp neglect, or cruel accident, has pushed him down. Lying prone at the bottom of that hill so few of us mount successfully, he turns his eye with whatever of consciousness is still his, with an infinite sadness toward the top. He remembers that the heavens sang at his birth, and dreams that somewhere within their shining corridors a home was buid<sup>d</sup> for him. And so there was. And verily do I believe, that out of the number of those who, born into a current they might not stem, were swept away, some with black faces and others with white, He who notes the pressure as truly as the fall, will select not a few, and put the arms of his mercy around them, lift them savingly up, and pillow them forever on the bosom of his love. And the stars shall see, and break forth in singing again.

If this shall be true of any, it will surely be true of the sailor, for his soul, by nature and education, is above the level of grime and dirt. I say education, for though little read in the lore of books, we must not imagine the sailor uninstructed. His knowledge of currents and climates, of harbors and capes, of cities, and rivers, and mountains, of peoples and tongues, is far superior to ours. But these do not constitute his real attainments; for the education of eye, and tongue, and sense, can never mark man's developments; we must go deeper if we would gauge it, and inquire what has been the effect of all these upon his soul; what new emotion has been born to him in all his journeyings, under changing skies and over many seas. In answer to this, I reply, that the sailor is wise in the unuttered and unutterable wisdom of nature. The heavens have been his instructor. The waves have taught him of God. The deck of his ship has been to him what Sinai was to the prophet of old, and

the tornado, the crash of thunder, the blaze of eastern lightning, and the calm which followed, all manifestations of Jehovah. Far from being ignorant, he is well read in the theology of nature. By education he is a worshiper; he has measured the globe by his voyaging, and feels his own littleness. In the luxuriance of the tropics, where the air is odorous with orange and spice, and the forests are ablaze with birds whose plumage is of the sun, crimson and emerald, garnet and gold, he beholds the genesis of creative Power. To his imaginative mind God is personified. The superstition of the sailor, so called is but an excess of faith. His religion is eminently a religion of feeling. In the silent watches of the night the solemn vault of heaven, where planets take their nightly course in long procession, circling in stately march around an unseen centre, from whose reflected beams they get their glory, has been his teacher. As night by night the angels shift the gorgeous scenery of the sky, untold and softening influences descend upon him, and many a mother's prayer has found its answer in the night watches on the lonely deck, under the onlooking stars. They oft have seen the struggle, and the victory, and

"Telegraphed along their golden wires to waiting angels,  
Tidings of a child's return to a glad Father's bosom."

Now do we not carry your cordial assent with us, when we assert that such being the nature and education of the sailor, he is, we will not say never beyond hope of recovery, but peculiarly open to gospel and reformatory influences. That epithet, applicable to so many landmen, "Gospel hardened," is rarely, if ever, applicable to him. He is not morally petrified, for the currents of God's grace have not flowed for years over his soul, and for years been neglected. Like an instrument rudely smitten, his nature is out of key; but amid all the discordance of jarring notes, and slackened strings, never utterly drowned, has always run the melodious conviction of his immortality. In it still exists the capacity of an infinite harmony yet to be developed. I dare hazard the remark, that no other class of men so neglected, so abused, so tempted, have preserved so many of the finer elements which adorn humanity as the sailor. Generous to a fault, sympathetic, hopeful in every extremity of fortune, he challenges the admiration of mankind. To gospel impressions, to friendly approaches, to memories of home he is peculiarly accessible. The widest of wanderers, his heart is never divorced from the place of his birth.

My friends, there is a word which once spoken fixes its sound in the ears forever. Neither the harmony nor the harshness of the world ever removes it. Neither the sweetness of singing, nor the discord of curses ever drowns its music. It has a note all its own, and the cadence of it is ever the same. This word is—Mother. In it is the picture of a face; living or dead, its features are ever the same. No distance in space, nor lapse of time; neither the changes of sickness, nor depths of graves, can hide it from our eyes. Wherever we wander it follows us. By day or by night, awake or in dreams, we never escape from that pale, patient, and time-wearied face, with its yearning look and streakings of silvery hair. Her name is the last on men's lips, and the last in men's minds, when weary and too often sad, they lay themselves down to sleep that only sleep unvexed by dreams.

In the bosom of the sailor, these impressions by the very distance and lone-



liness of his wanderings have been deepened. Whether under the Equator, where a new sky reveals itself, or amid the ice-fields of the Polar Sea, the sainted memories of home and kindred never fade from his soul. And many a man has sprung from his hammock to battle with death, strengthened, aye, purified by the vision of mother, and wife, and loved ones bending like angels, hand linked in hand, wing enfolding wing, protectingly above him.

Never let it be said such men cannot be saved. Never let it be thought a class of men on whom God has lavished such magnificent gifts are moral outcasts, fit only for the bar-room and the brothel. Believe rather that underneath the soiled exterior and debased surface, are powers, faculties, and longings, which need only the restraining influence of the gospel to shape and develop. Like the marble pillar which the French exhumed at Herculaneum from the rubbish where for centuries it had lain, beat from its polished shaft the dirt which encrusted it, washed it in chemical waters, and set it once more upon its base, so that it stood pure and spotless as when the genius of the Greek first shaped it for a triumphal column, and carved on its front the scenes of a hundred battles; so must we excavate the sailor from the lava bed of his sins, smite off with the hammer of gospel conviction his adhering vices wash him, soiled and stained as he is, in the blood of Christ, which cleanseth whiter than fullers soap, and make him to stand once more, pure and stainless, as God designed each soul to be in the beginning.

My hearers, I do not solicit charity for the sailor. In the providence of God he has been too proudly associated with our nation's rise and preservation, to be considered as a beggar. His claim upon us is not one of benevolence, but of debt. His faithful service; his blood freely and willingly shed; his unwavering loyalty, are and ever will be his advocate. His deeds, passed securely into history, speak for him. When duty called he has gone to death, upheld by no thought of glory, nerved by no anticipated reward, as men go to feasts. On the shivered deck, in a pool of his own blood, he has made his dying couch, and made it too with smiles, fixing even in death his eyes on the bright folds of that banner he died to save. I borrow out of God's free air no breath, I marshal no words of stirring speech to sound his praise. The sailor's wreath is woven, and well woven too, both flower and leaf. The magnitude of our marine, the number of our ships, the glory of our naval career, bear witness to the part he has played, and is yet to play, in our national progress. I might mention names here whose fame is the common heritage of all; names of men whose bravery and piety enrich our history, and adorn the religion of our Lord and Master. But I forbear. Whatever honor the living have to give for the living you have already bestowed, and our children will see to it that their monuments are builded both broad and high.

But, alas! there are some whom we cannot honor. If we applaud, their ears cannot hear our shouts; their eyes will not behold our uplifted hands and triumphal arches. They sleep under battlements they died to win, or rest undisturbed at the bottom of the sea. Green be the turf and quiet the waters above them, until turf and water are cloven in the great uprising! But why fashion granite for the brave who fell? Why is marble wrought and music breathed for the dead? Is there not a more excellent way whereby our gratitude can be expressed than through wreathed and lettered shaft, or

poet's song? Can we raise no monument more enduring than crumbling stone? Can we pay no tribute more lasting than the notes of a tuneful lyre? If not, then indeed are those, to bless whom men die, to be pitied. For who is unhappy if not he who must carry forever his gratitude unexpressed? But let us not be deceived in our generous impulses. There is a way wherein we can honor the dead, and the tribute we render will endure forever, even by caring for the living. By our efforts to protect from unjust oppression the seamen of to-day, by our labors to enlighten, instruct, and convert them, will our acknowledgments to the past be best made. Not in the garniture of costly sepulchres, not in plumes, and banners, and peans for the dead, but in the construction of hospitals, asylums, and bethels for the living, may we testify our appreciation of that class of men, who have defended us in seasons of war, and laid the foundations of our marvelous prosperity in times of peace. In uplifting the prostrated column of a fallen virtue; in readjusting in all its original symetry the disjointed frame-work of the soul, can we rear a monument beyond the consistency of granite, and set in motion the vibrations of a ceaseless song.

Again, I present to you the sailor, not merely as a tempted man, but *alone in his temptations*.

It makes a vast difference in the result, with what weapons and in what company a man fights. His victory is often due to his arms and armor, even more than to his prowess. It makes one stronger also to feel that he is well supported. Much of our virtue is owing to the defenses which God through the family and society throws around us. The companionship of the good, parental care, intellectual facilities which afford the mind healthful employment, the memories of home, the pride of position, and more than all, the restraints of religion, all have assisted, all confirmed our virtue. But the sailor has none of these helps, or next to none. His companions are vicious and debauched, his mental powers lie for months unexercised, or are fed on the vilest conceptions of sensualism; no home circle with its clustering charms delights him; his menial position supplies no sustenance to a healthful pride; the sound of no bell calls him to prayer, no pastor watcheth over his soul; he fights his battle alone, unaided, almost unarmed. What wonder that he is so often defeated, overthrown, enslaved! Would I might aid you to realize this.

I have asked if any man or woman here has ever been tempted. Let me again inquire if one in all this audience has ever fought a great fight, and won a great moral victory alone? Have any of you ever gone down into the arena and wrestled with some passion from the going down unto the rising of the sun? Have you ever been so placed—by no fault of yours it may be—that every current circumstance floated you further and further out from the shore and safety? Have you ever seen an hour when Hell united all its pressure upon you, to yield up honor, faith, and virtue; when you felt even as you struggled, that upon the decision, your truth, your purity, your all depended? If so, did you not feel the need of a friend? Did you not long for a counselor—a helper? Nay, was not your anguish more intense, your conflict more dreadful, because of your spiritual isolation? You looked on all sides, but there was no eye to pity, and no ear to hear. The heavens themselves were silent, the sky pitiless; even prayer brought no support. The powers of the



air were triumphant ; the hill of your crucifixion swarmed with foes, and with Him who bore the agony before you, you wrung your hands and cried, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Is there any one here, I say, who has experienced anything like this ; whose soul, passing through such a conflict, still bears the scars of it? If there is, he will yearn over the sailor ; he will pity the seaman ; he will assist the mariner. Many souls on the ocean to-night have gone down into such battles, gone bravely down, but came not back. They struggled, they fought, they did their utmost ; their bravery was seen and noted in heaven ; but alone unaided the enemy was overstrong ; he prevailed ; he bound them in chains ; he lashed them to his chariot-wheels, and with his captives entered hell in triumph.

My friends, is sympathy dead? Do you acknowledge no brotherhood with the weak? Have you no tears for the fallen? And thou, Church of the Most High, even of Him whose way is in the sea, and whose path is in the great waters, are thy pulses lead, and heart a stone, that they do not throb and melt at the condition of those who go down to the sea in ships? Are those who brave the storm to be forgotten by thee, thou Bride of Him who hushed the roaring wave, and walked the angry waters, as we might walk an emerald floor? Did he not teach thee duty when he entered into a ship and taught? Are there not many, who at the sight of thee upon the waters, and at thy bidding would come to thee with a faith beyond the faith of Peter? Behold! there is a day ahead, before the revelations of which we shall be dumb. When the sea shall give up its dead, what myriads will rise from out its depths, to whom was given no succor—aye, men who sailed from Christian ports, under a Christian flag, who died without the gospel; and how 'twill go with them, who knows, save Heaven?

In that great day, the caverns of the deep will be populous, and every recess will swarm with rising life. Along our stormy capes, long lines of shadowy forms will start, and in their order marshaled, stand ready for flight. From coral reefs, and far out in mid ocean, groups of long-forgotten souls will part the tremulous surface, and form in dense array above the waves, and each of all that multitude will bear some evidence of us. The dead who sleep to-night in the oblivion of waters, will bear their testimony, and he who meteth justice to all will judge us by the balance.

Then will the Church learn that sailors have souls. Then will this great city realize her responsibility in the salvation of those who clothed her beauty in silk, and made her pillars of marble, and burnished her gates with gold. Then, too, will this Society, who saveth the lost and raiseth the fallen, together with all its helpers, receive a full reward, and be crowned and robed by Him, who will say, "as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me."

Not to the pure do I give my sympathy, not over the white do I yearn, not for the happy do I pray, but unto those who struggle, and fight, and fall; who are stained and soiled, and despised, do my sympathies go forth. Not with those who are above me in virtue and knowledge do I link hands, for well I know that the gates are open to such, and their feet unaided will climb the shining height, but unto those below me, would I give whatever of healing there is in my touch. To the men and women whom the world think little

of, to the friendless, homeless, helpless ones of earth, would I be even as a brother.

And if when spirit, happily, has been released from flesh which doth so clog it, I might choose my work beyond as I can here; and being deemed worthy, might minister still to fallen man until the end be; my soul I verily believe would brood upon the waters and walk your wharves, and thread your brothels, if peradventure, it might find some soiled, forsaken wanderer to guard and guide, and whiten. For he whose track I follow, albeit afar off, and crookedly, declared that "He came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance."

There is a great underlying truth in Christianity, which we in our blindness are apt to lose sight of, even this, the cleansing power of the gospel. The most befouled soul, ingrained with corruption, washed in the blood of Christ, is cleansed and purified beyond comparison. The possible whiteness of a soul so purified is something marvelous. The stainless plumage of swans, as they float on a darkened stream, is unfit to symbolize it. It is so white as to be pleasing to him in whose sight the very heavens are unclean. Like the reflection of a snowy pillar of polished marble smitten by the sun, the purity of it is dazzling. It becomes itself a column of light, seemingly endowed with a power to emit a radiance of its own. This quality of the gospel, as applied to human kind, would seem to give direction to our efforts, and emphasize our duty. The sun of divine love, as the great luminary of nature, shineth downward, and by a spiritual chemistry, dries up and refines the stagnant polutions of human sin. The truth of God is a kind of filter, and all distasteful impregnations are sifted out of whatever passeth through it.

Do we not at times lose sight of this sublime conception? Does not a feeling of caste tinge even our piety, and we shrink from mingling with the orders below us? Do we not fear to eat with publicans and sinners, lest pharisaical purity should call us wine-bibbers and gluttons?

My friends, I may be wrong in this, if so your better judgment will correct me, and yet do I think, and feel, that one may touch the dirtiest thing, if his mission be to cleanse it. No hand so soiled, as to be unfit for mine to clasp, no face so gross, as not to show behind its blasted surface, though marred, and half defaced, the features of a brother. God sees the cause; we of dimmer sight see only the result, and why this one did fall, while we remained erect, who of us may tell?

And out of the number of those far below me, as men judge, God who alone knoweth the heart, and taketh into account hereditary taints of nature and of blood, I verily believe, will lift some mercifully up, robe them in white, and claim them as his own. And some whom we look down upon, will fill thrones higher than mine, and wear heavier crowns.

The failure of the Church to realize this, appears to me to have been, as it is, her chiefest error, so far as christianizing the world goes. We have hitherto cultivated the table lands of society, we must now drain the marshes, and uplift the swamp level, by running purifying channels through their oozy beds. From these rise those moral miasma, which carry taint and contagion to the very mountain top of our civilization. A spiritual Board of Health must be formed, and heavenly disinfectants be applied to every damp lane, and filthy tenement of our cities.



We must run our fingers under the very roots of society, and transplant it bodily into a drier and warmer soil. This is not pleasant work. It is a tiresome, and handsoiling horticulture. The fragrance of the rose and the orange are not in it. Broad walks, and wide lawns, and the cooling shadow of trees, do not invite and relieve the laborer. Nothing short of the pressure of clearly apprehended duty will sustain one in it. Easier, by far is it, to give charities, than to distribute them; to provide bandages, than to bind up the bleeding gash; and yet, the work must be done, or "the sea, and the isles thereof, will never be given to God."

The value of this Society to the Christian world, as I understand it, is, that it offers to do, and is actually doing just this work. Through its self-denying assistants, it is doing for the Church, for commerce, and for God, precisely what so sorely needs to be done. Through it, the merchant in his counting room becomes as truly a missionary, as if he spent the year in passing with tracts, and bibles, and words of counsel, and deeds of kindness, from wharf to wharf, and ship to ship. Through it, any lady in the land, without even leaving her parlor, can raise the fallen, and revive the faint. Through it, each Church can do the will of Him whose "way is in the whirlwind, while the clouds are the dust of his feet." Through it, any boy or girl even, can send influences out over the waves, which shall restrain, elevate, redeem, and prove to many a wanderer when buffeted, and rudely tost, as anchors cast within the veil.

For nothing, should we be more grateful, than for the existence of organizations, which so assist our benevolence, and simplify our duty. The ramification of charitable efforts is the wonder of our times. Even now, their branches are pushed out so widely, as to almost enshadow the world. The vision of John is being realized, and by a change of locality we are allowed to water the roots of that Apocalyptic tree, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.

It would be delightful to be associated with God in the creation, even of a rose; to assist in the marvelous processes, by which its color, and fragrance, are gathered from the surrounding air, imprinted upon, and distilled into the blushing bosom of it. Or, to aid Him, as he weaves the fleecy enfoldings of the mist, and empties out the shower. Or to stand behind the dense columns of the cumuli, which at the close of a summer's day, uprear their huge white forms in the western sky, assort from the heated atmosphere the elements of thunder, and forge the terrible bolt. But nobler task, by far, and more to be desired, to wait upon this Divine chemist as he whitens, and makes sweet the soul; to assist Him weave from the detached and broken threads of our virtue, a robe of spotless white, without seam; to aid Him to gather together, and project those spiritual forces, which smite the pillars of wrong into the dust, and purify the moral atmosphere by their concussion. I presume, the pleasure is mine to-night, to speak to those, who are, and have been for years, thus associated with God; to men and women, who have helped channel this age with divine influences, and inaugurate and carry on reforms, whose object has been the melioration of mankind. It is not for me to say, here and now, you will have your reward. In the quickening of your sympathies, in the enlargement of your natures, in the consciousness of fulfilled duty, you already find your recompense.

The reward of goodness shown is the silent increase of the same quality in our own hearts. Like the ocean we are filled by the reflex action of the very currents which flowed out from us. Yet, this, may I say, having tasted of this refreshment, continue still to drink from such waters. Having by these efforts for God plumed yourselves, add unto the width and brilliancy of your wings, until the signal is given, the cord cut, and with a burst of song you mount upward in the blaze of your own plumage.

But this Society is not merely one of many organizations, having for their common object the conversion of men, for in a certain sense it includes and anticipates all. Let me explain; the example of the sailor has hitherto been against the missionary. How? In this way, I reply: in heathen lands a white face and a christian are synonymous. Christianity is judged by the conduct of the Caucasian. The heathen quick to observe, and keen in satire, turns on the missionary and exclaims, "what, oh white man, would you have us abandon the system of our fathers to become drunkards and blasphemers! Even, if our religion is wrong, what shall we gain by adopting one, which makes men even more debauched and riotous!"

Archdeacon Jeffreys says: "In consequence of the numerous cases of intemperance among the sailors and the native Christians spread over Madras, the name of Christian was synonymous with that of a drunkard; and when the Hindoos called a man a Christian, they, for the most part, meant that he was a drunkard." "Further, that "for one really converted Christsan, as a fruit of missionary labor, the *drinking practices* of the English have made fully one thousand drunkards."

Rev. John Scudder M. D. said: "I would not allow a heathen to see me take a glass of wine for a kingdom. The influence of Europeans and others upon the heathen, in the use of these drinks, has been of a most distressing nature. It has brought a stigma upon Christianity which will not be wiped off, it may be, for a century to come, even though temperance principles should take deep root among them. The words drunkard and Christian have become synonymous terms in India. By way of reproach, it has been said by the heathen, that even the Brahmins were becoming Christians, because they had begun to drink."

From a Boston paper I clip the following: "The sailing-bark, Thomas Pope, of New York, bound for Monrovia, Africa, cleared at our Custom-House this forenoon. She had seven missionaries engaged as passengers, and twenty-nine thousand gallons of New-England rum as a part of her cargo."

Can any one wonder, that the world is not converted to Christ, in view of these facts? Is not the mystery explained, and the path of duty clearly defined? Did I err in my estimate of this Society, when I said that in a certain sense, it includes all, and anticipates all? I make now a bolder assertion, which is this; convert the ships and you convert the world. Why? Because with one stroke you level to the ground the many, and mighty obstructions which an ungodly commerce opposes to missionary effort, and at the same time you multiply the number of missionaries by thousands, and that too without increasing by a dollar the present annual expenses of our several Boards.

Man the ships which sail from New York, with the ministers of New



England, and what think you, would be the result? Into what port could they sail; on what coast could they land; in what bay could they drop anchor, and the Bible not be scattered, and revivals not spring up? How long before zones of holy influences would encircle the Globe, and the sun be welcomed at every step of its upward march, with morning hymns of praise? The fervid children of the South, and we who dwell under cooler skies, would be brought together, and standing, face to face, the features of a common parentage would be perceived, and a long lost brotherhood acknowledged. The Orient and Occident would stretch out their arms across the intervening ocean, joining hands in a loving clasp, while from either pole would be echoed back the praises of the Lord.

I speak to a city that reigns queen of a continent; to a city with an island for her throne, and ships for her messengers; who delighteth herself with the cry of her pilots, and unto whose feet the waves of either ocean wash the wealth of the world.

This is the city of ships. Like the fabled goddess, she sprang from the white foam of waves. Her parentage was not of men. Her conception was of old time, when the Almighty traced the boundary of the sea. She was begotten with the primal pangs of nature, when this continent came forth from the womb of waters. New York is the child of God, born, when He drew the outlines of our shores, plighted to commerce when he placed her in the arms of two rivers, and breathed life into her by the cool breath of the ocean. Men, indeed, have clothed her in satin, and adorned her with gold; but she was begotten out of the sea by the Spirit of the Lord.

But whence came her costly apparel, even, and the magnificent garniture of her temples? By the movement of what wand did her mansions and warehouses rise? What hand, broad and strong, placed underneath this island, has lifted it, within the memory of some sitting here, from the status of a village to the exaltation of the third city in the world? The answer is at hand and conclusive: commerce has done it. Ships, noiseless as bees and as active, have winged their flight to the remotest land, loaded themselves with extracted treasure, and returned to fill your cells to over-flowing with their golden offerings. Year by year, with the world for their garden, they have gathered tribute for you, extended your borders, lifted you into eminence, and filled your streets with the murmurs of a countless hive. And to-day, with all her wealth and prestige, how long would New York endure if the hand which opened, should close the outlet to the ocean, and sever that great artery which connects her, by way of the lakes, with the heart of the continent? So born, so nurtured, so dependent, what faithlessness, either of city or nation, will equal hers if this city becomes unmindful of her mariners!

What ingratitude so gross, as she will display to the world, should her merchants and churches stop their ears to the just claims of those who, more than all others, have, under God, been the agents to minister to her wealth and present renown!

Sad day, and pregnant with shame, will that be for this proud metropolis when she becomes unmindful of those by whose meanly-rewarded toil her position has been achieved! Wo! to this modern Tyre, that shall be, when such disregard of duty is realized! when her mariners shall cause their voice

to be heard against her for her cruel and barbarous neglect! For the cry of these men will be the voice of her judgment, and the prophecy of Ezekiel be again fulfilled, as when he said of Tyre the ancient: "The merchants among the people shall hiss at thee. Thou shalt be a terror, and never shalt be any more."

Do I not give utterance to your own convictions when I say, that unto us it has been given to live at an unusual age, such as has not been before since the world was. Back of us lie six thousand years of human effort; effort often misdirected, yet never entirely useless, for, whether it led to victory or defeat, it added unto experience, and lifted the level of knowledge and opportunity higher. Toilsomely the race has climbed the slope, generation by generation, step by step, until we stand at an immense altitude above the fathers, with sixty centuries back of us, and eternity ahead. We know what is behind; but we hold our breath in solemn expectation of what is to come. We feel that, here and everywhere, changes are taking place in the moral and political world, such as occasionally occur in the heavens, concerning which the wisest may not surely say whether they betoken storm or are harbingers of sunnier skies. There are those who think we have reached the beginning of the end; that the heavens are already brightening with the first streakings of a fadeless dawn, and that below the horizon but a little way, coming slowly, but surely up, as lifted by an unseen hand, is that "Sun of Righteousness which is to rise with healing on his wings." Oh! for one sight of that full-orbed and perfect sphere! Oh! that we, even we, may see and feel, before our eyes are closed, the brightness and warmth of that All-Kindling Ray!

This thought should pass into the faith of the age, animating and ennobling every life. Every ship should be steered by this star; every store-house built on this, as its foundation; every governmental policy shaped in harmony with this idea. Standing under the shadow of a future which looms in vast projection ahead of us, knowing not how soon the land and sea alike will feel the pressure of the feet of that angel who is to proclaim the end of time, what manner of men and women ought we to be? Is this the time to eat and sleep, to chat and dance, to amass and hoard? or is it rather the hour to toil and watch, to labor and pray, to spend and be spent? Shall we revel and jest when the age travaileth in pain to give birth to a new and higher manhood? When the sweat of great agony is on the world, suspended in a crucifixion which is but a day to precede a triumphant resurrection? Is there no stone for our hands to shape and lay in that vast Temple, whose walls go up continually without the sound of trowel or hammer? Not to the rich alone; not to the wise only, is this work allotted; nor to these alone will belong the glory of its completion. For when the Temple is builded even unto its crest, all its arches spanned, and its pillars set up, and nations shall come together, and encamp round about it, and the kings and the wise men of the earth, sailing from far in swift-moving ships, shall bring into it their offerings, then will it be found that it was no small affair to have toiled in its erection. Then will the humblest laborer on its walls, and the poor who gave their farthings as truly as the giants who lifted up its columns, and the martyrs who moistened the mortar of it with their blood, find their reward. I invoke you all, you who listen, and those to whom my words shall come, to live and



act as befits the age; to do what you may to assist this Society, and all other undertakings which have for their object the salvation of men.

Let us love neither father nor mother, wife, children, nor friends more than Christ, in whom we live and move and have our being. For so alone will it come about, that we shall die easily when we come to die, and put our arms around the pillars of death as those who find they have run against a happy opportunity. And when you sit safe from harm in your quiet homes, and hear the winds rave without, remember that they bring wreck to ships, and death to men, and pray that He who hath his way in the whirlwind, will in some way best known to him fit the dying for death, and out of the hands of the Adversary deliver their souls.

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#### ADDRESS OF GENERAL O. S. FERRY, OF CONN.

LADIES & GENTLEMEN.—When we look at the world's history in the light which is cast upon it by Revelation, we discover, amid all its obscurity and apparent confusion, something of the divine plan which pervades the whole. Humanity having incurred the guilt and condemnation of sin, while the race consisted as yet of but a single pair, its redemption, and the establishment of the kingdom of God among men constitute the great object of all Revelation and all history, the ultimate end being the manifestation of the Divine perfections, in other words of the glory of God to the visible and invisible universe of intelligent being.

Yet to the human perceptions, how slowly do the events of time seem to move towards this grand consummation. For four thousand years, moral evil, or sin, swept over and desolated the earth. The gleams of knowledge of the true God which seem to have cast a fitful light upon the remotest antiquity, were gradually extinguished till the whole earth was shrouded in darkness except when that knowledge was kept alive by perpetually recurring miracles among the Hebrew Tribes. And for four hundred years before the advent of Christ even the chosen people seem to have been left to pursue their own downward course. The Shekinah no longer flamed between the Cherubim, the voice of prophecy was hushed, and the piety of Moses and Joshua, of Samuel and David, of Ezra and Nehemiah, had given place to the heartless formalism of the Scribes and Pharisees. God had permitted sin to work out its own dreadful results and it had transformed the earth into the den of unclean beasts described in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. What sin could do for humanity was now demonstrated and the time was come for the unfolding of the mystery hid with God from the foundation of the world, the incarnation of the Divine in the human for the redemption of a ruined race and the manifestation of the Divine perfection. The penalty of sin demanded by the Divine justice was borne by the Divine Son, and the work of regeneration was begun by the Divine Spirit henceforth present with humanity in a new and mysterious mode. This work began in the individual soul and operating in common with its natural faculties, on the Divine side efficacious, yet on the human side voluntary, must needs extend from individual to individual towards its final consummation.

It is to that consummation that the course of history has been tending since the scenes of Gethsemane and Calvary. Four thousand years of descent toward darkness, despair, and death; almost two thousand years of ascent toward light, and hope, and immortal life. Shall we be discouraged because we have not already attained the summit? Let us look back a moment at the ground already traversed. A few despised Judeans on the one hand,—imperial heathen Rome on the other, such to human eyes were the contending forces eighteen hundred years ago. Three centuries elapse, and the

heathen gods tumble from their thrones, and the mild splendors of the Cross shine from the palace of Constantine to the shores of the Atlantic and the bank of the Euphrates. The old civilization was brought to bow to the name of Christ before it gave way to the beginnings of the new. The new was to receive from the old the knowledge of God, in order to be his instrument in the renovation of the race. This is the light that shines through the bloody horrors which accompanied the destruction of the Empire of the West. Rome fell, but her Pagan conquerors learned of her to worship at her christian shrines, and to lay amid the foundations of the modern civilization the elements of Christian truth. The conversion of the Roman Empire, and the conversion of the Northern nations have changed the face of the world.

The partial relapse of the Church into Paganism while the nations were painfully groping, through the ignorance and superstitions of the Dark and Middle Ages, throws into bolder relief the work accomplished by the great Reformation of the sixteenth century. That event was the Divine preparation for that method of evangelizing the world, which is now in progress. It was needful that the Church should itself become evangelized before going forth to its appropriate work among the nations. It was needful that the nations should be brought within the reach of the Church to receive its message. Contemporaneous with the Reformation we see the spirit of commerce and discovery awakened every where throughout Christendom. The voyages of Vasco de Gama had just shown the way to the teeming millions of the far East, the labors of Columbus had opened to Europe the new Continent of the West. While the religious controversies of the sixteenth century overturned false systems, dethroned error, and prepared the way for the establishment of a pure Gospel, they were accompanied and followed by a zeal for commercial enterprise which penetrated all seas, visited all lands, and opened up channels of communication with all nations.

Thus the world was made ripe for the great missionary movement which began with the close of the eighteenth century, which kindled the hearts and aroused the energies of all Protestant Christendom, and which has now dotted the globe with the colonies of the Cross. Just as clearly as I discern the hand of God in the conversion of the Roman Empire, in the conversion of the Northern nations, and in the Reformation of the sixteenth century, do I discern the same Divine hand in the impulse communicated to the Church and the world by the organization of the first missionary association of which William Carey was the honored instrument seventy-five years ago. I do not expect this work to stop. I think that we are getting nearer the summit, in our ascent towards which we paused, a little while ago, to look back. I seem to see the light of the Day-spring from on high already greeting our uplifted vision. Thither the world is coming led by the manifold agencies which God employs to accomplish his end of infinite love.

And what agency seems better adapted to aid in this glorious consummation than that whose anniversary we celebrate to-night? If commercial enterprise during the last three centuries has rioted in the exuberance of maritime discovery, it has never before attained so gigantic a development as it exhibits at the present day. And hence, I regard this Society as the necessary complement of the missionary system. To convert the navigators of the world is to make vast progress in the conversion of the world itself. To evangelize commerce is literally to send the gospel to all nations.

Nor would I forget the claims of the seaman himself to our Christian sympathy and aid. How much of what there is good, even in the best of men, is due to circumstances in which they are placed? The sweet influences of home, silent and perhaps unfelt from day to day, yet ever enfolding us in their gentle restraints, the control of society moving us by its commendation, and intimidating us by its frowns, the ever-recurring day of sacred rest, with its congregating worshippers, its tender associations, and its breathings of infinite love in the music of church bells, and the symphonies of prayer and hymn,—who of us can tell, how much of what outward or inward virtue we



have, we owe to these? And what shall take the place of them for the sailor, to whom they are but as brief glimpses of something too bright to last? I know but one answer. Christian love must go out with him in his voyage; must sit down by him in earnest sympathy, and opening the Book of books lead him to the one influence there stronger than all others when once it has taken possession of the soul,—the influence of the Cross.

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#### ADDRESS OF CAPTAIN C. C. DUNCAN.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—My friend, Mr. Beecher, said to me the other day in conversation: "I would like to go to Athens; I would like to stand on Mars' Hill; I would like to say some few words there that I think Paul omitted, and that he might have said." So when your Secretary asked me to come here to-night, and say a few words, I thought I would; because, although what I would say would be plain, homely facts, in plain, homely language, I thought I could say a few words that had been generally omitted, and could tell a few plain things that possibly you might not know—a few things that might not be very palatable, yet, nevertheless, wholesome.

Mr. President, your Society does a great deal of good. There is no denying it. Its work has been immense; the results have been glorious. But you lack co-operation in one important direction. If ship-owners and if ship-masters could be brought up to that standard of feeling where they might feel the interest in the sailor that you do, the result of your efforts would be doubled, trebled, and hundreds of souls would be saved where now is but one. I want to say a few words to-night for the sailor, the common sailor—nothing for the officers, nothing for the captains, they will have their time; they have their friends in many places, where the sailor has not a friend. So what I want to say to-night is just a few words for the sailor, to tell you something of his ways of life, something of the way in which he is handled, something of the places in which he has to live, and then ask of you if, when he is charged with being drunken and quarrelsome, there is no good reason for it—if you in his place would not be just as bad, and perhaps worse than he.

Who is the sailor? What is he? Who knows? Which one of you knows anything about the sailor? You wear the clothes that he brings for you from foreign lands. You drink the tea and coffee he brings you, but do you really know anything of him? You never see him in an audience like this, or see him in churches, or in the streets where *you* go, therefore, you know nothing about him. Indeed it is hard to tell what the sailor is; but it is easy to tell what he is not. He is not a voter, that's very certain, or else he would have as many friends as the Irish or the negro have now. He is not a citizen. The tax-gatherer does not know him, although he is taxed enough in all conscience. He is not liable to draft, although he is drafted often enough and wickedly enough. He is no father, he is no husband, no brother. He has no house, no friends, no social relations. What is he? All that you can say of the sailor is, that he is *somebody's* child, and that he has a soul, for which Christ died. That is all you can say of him. He has no friends, no home, no relations, and no associates but the very vilest of the vile, and as such he is thrown upon the community asking them for sympathy. I do not know how many sailors you have here in New York, your Secretary, perhaps, can tell; my impression is from fifty to sixty thousand American sailors come here every year, and how are they received? I think, gathering from the statistics, about three thousand of this fifty or sixty thousand, find their way into the Sailor's Homes, where they find really a home, real comfort, and are taken care of faithfully; where they are treated as friends, and where all wholesome influences and surroundings are thrown about them; where they really find a place prepared for them in their desolate condition. But the majority of them—the forty-seven or fifty-seven thousand that are left unprovided

with these homes—where do they go to? Go with me in my visitings among them during the last few months, and see the dens and abominable places that they have to be quartered in, and then you will have some idea how the sailor lives. He is no master of himself. When he lands, the sailor runners grab hold of him, and drag him to where he boarded the last time. In some of these houses will be found a room, perhaps fourteen feet square, and in that room there will be berths on the sides in which twelve or fourteen men have to sleep; one hole, perhaps, in the wall for ventilation; a straw mattress thrown into the bunk, and this makes Jack's bed. Many houses are better kept, but there are too many of this kind. Many have bars before the windows, ostensibly to keep thieves out, but really to keep refractory sailors in. It is not long since a sailor, escaping from one of these rooms, came to me without coat, vest, and, I believe, without shoes, half frightened out of his wits, asking me to protect him. He had landed from a schooner, went to the landlord of this house, and told him he wanted to go to New Orleans. "Oh, yes," the landlord said, "come along; I will fix you out." Got him to his house, and kept him there about as long as he thought he could for his advance wages, when he told him he should go to Liverpool. "But," said the man, "I don't want to go to Liverpool; I want to go to New Orleans." One word went on to another, and finally to blows. When beaten and stripped, he was forced into a room, the windows barred and the door locked. How he escaped, I don't know, but he did manage to get out, and came to me for protection. And when I sent him to the Sailor's Home, he went skulking through the back streets, fearing he might fall into the hands of his landlord's runners, who were on the lookout for him.\*

This is only one among many just such sailor boarding-houses that are kept here. When a sailor gets in one of these places, he has but very little to say as to where he will go or when, not like the laboring man of the streets in this city. *He* will work for a man as long as he pleases, and then leave, or he will work or play as he pleases. The sailor has to go when his landlord thinks he has kept him about long enough, and he has to go where the landlord thinks he will make the most money out of him. There are exceptions, but that is the rule.

It is not long since that a ship in the East River wanted a man to go to sea, to complete its crew. The shipping-master (who was really) a good fellow, as many of them are, but they all use the means at their hands for getting men, when they are closely crowded for help, and they generally know too just where to go for them), went to an Italian boarding-house keeper, and said, "I want one man for a ship to go to sea to-day, can you give him to me?" "Oh, yes; oh, yes," said he, and he goes to his house—(the shipping-master told me this himself)—he goes to his house and looks at the men sitting there in the room. "Jim," says he, "I want you to go to sea, for Liverpool to-day." "But I don't want to go there," says Jim. "You go to sea." "But," "Do you want to kick up a row in my house; you get your 'tings." "But, sir, I don't want to go to sea." "You get your 'tings, or I will *make* you." "Well, sir; if I must go, I must; but I want some things to take along." "Where are you going to get them, hey?" "But my advance." "You never trouble yourself about your advance; I will take care of that." "But I want some tobacco, sir." "Here is a piece—take that." "Well, sir *that* isn't enough for the voyage." "Where do you think I will get more?" "Well, you have some behind the counter." "Yes, I have; but I bought it, and paid for it; and do you suppose I am going to give it to you?" "Well, he got his "tings";—and that is a sample of the way sailors are in too many cases sent off. You think this style is abrupt and summary. I can give you another that is more in detail.

It is not many weeks since a friend of mine in Boston had a ship going to

\* The license of this house was promptly revoked by the Commissioners, as soon as the above facts became known to them.



sea at three o'clock on a certain day. He went to his shipping-master, Mr. Miller, and said: "Miller, my ship is going to sea at three o'clock; I want my crew on board at two." "Very well, sir," Mr. Miller says; "your crew are all down at old Green's—(I will call him Green, but his name is *not* Green)—a negro boarding-house keeper; there will be some sport down there; suppose you go down and see how the old fellow manages." My friend went. The shipping-master said to Green, "The crew of the ——— must be on board at two o'clock, will you have them there?" "Yes, sir, sartain"—and he looks over the crew. They were nearly all sitting in the room. "Now," he says, "boys, we must settle, and you be on board the ship at two o'clock. Come here, Jim," says he, "we'll begin with you," and calls him into a side-room. My friend and the shipping-master went in too. "Now, Jim," he says, "you have been in my house two weeks." "Two weeks! No, sir; I aint been in your house but five days." "Jim, don't you suppose I know? Do you forget I am in my own house? You have been in my house two weeks." "But, Mr. Green, I say I haven't been here but five days." "Why, don't you suppose I know; I who buy the bread and butter and the meat; hadn't I ought to know better than you who have been drunk half the time?" "Well, sir, if you *say* so, I suppose it must be so; but I thought I hadn't been here but five days." "Now, then, Jim, there's the old woman's wash-bill; that's \$2 50." "Two dollars and a half! Why, Mr. Green, I had only two pieces of clothing when I came here, and one of them the old woman said was so old that she threw it away." "*You only had two pieces when you came here; you came to my house with only two pieces of clothing! You get off cheap with two dollars and a half, cheap enough. A man like you to come to my house! Now, Jim, don't you remember down at the door there was a white man talking to you, and you wanted three dollars? There was three dollars cash.*" "Yes, sir, I wanted three dollars, but *I didn't get it.* (Laughter.) I asked you for it, and you didn't give it to me." "Now, Jim, don't you suppose I know best whether you got the money or not? I gave you the money out of my pocket—money I had earned hard, and you fooled it away. Don't you suppose I know best? Do you suppose I would take advantage of you? You have known me a great many years, Jim." "No, sir; I don't suppose you would." "I tell you, Jim, you had it, and I know best. Now, Jim, there is \$12 for board, and \$2 50 for washing, that is \$17 50, and there is \$3 cash, making \$22, Jim. Now your advance only comes to \$20. Where am I going to get the other two dollars—where is *that* coming from?" "Mr. Green, you know when I come back I will come here." "Oh, yes, Jim, you will come here because I'll *bring* you. I have to look out for you, or you would fall into the hands of the land-sharks, and they would rob you of every thing you have." (Laughter.) Well, Mr. Green, when I *do* come, and when I have some money, I will pay you." That is all very well, Jim. You will pay me when you have some money, but the fact is you never *have* any. But, never mind, Jim, you may go, and I aint a going to send you off destitute neither. I'll give you something in the bottle, and some tobacco; and if you cheat me then out of my two dollars, that is your fault." (Laughter.) You may laugh, but Jim didn't laugh, when for a whole month he had to work night and day, storm and sunshine, to make that twenty dollars again, that he had been cheated out of. These are not rare or overdrawn cases, but such as occur daily in our seaports.

You may ask why don't the Board of Commissioners for the better protection of sailors suppress such houses? I reply, the Board can only act in cases where the sailor, having been ill treated, makes a complaint, as in the case of the sailor I alluded to just now, who escaped from a house, and came to us for protection. Where the sailor submits to the imposition and goes quietly off to sea, the Board is powerless. You may think that when the sailor escapes the hand of the landlord and the land-sharks, and gets on board a good American ship, owned by good Christian men, that *then* his troubles are ended, then he has found a home. Has he? Let us see how it is, say in the

ships that run between this port and Liverpool. Have you any idea how they live—the places they live in? Not one ship-owner in ten knows how his sailors are sheltered; not one in ten knows how they are fed. There is a certain kind of careless indifference between ship-owners and ship-masters, though neither of them mean ill to the sailor. The ship-owner means honestly, and would scorn to take advantage of the sailor; but there is, I say, a kind of carelessness in the matter, that leaves the ship-owner to sit back in his cushioned chair in his office and say, "Well, I am inclined to think that everything is about right; Captain so and so will do about right. And then, on the other hand, to keep in the owner's good graces, the ship-master must practice two things, viz., economy and dispatch. If he has reasonable expenses, and makes good time, he is a good ship-master. His bills will come in—" \$500 for the grocery bill." It was \$500 last voyage, and so it's all right. No matter what the bill contains; no matter if, provisions being dearer now than last voyage, the captain has, in keeping his expenses down, left out many things that he ought to have, the old confidential book-keeper looks over his spectacles, "Five hundred dollars last voyage, and five hundred dollars now, all right! And so with the ship-master on the one side, and the ship-owner on the other, poor Jack is between the upper and nether mill-stone, and has everything crowded out of him that can be. He has in too many cases the most abominable shelter that can be thought of or tolerated in a Christian community. I do say, standing here, with the experience I have had—for I have occupied every position from cabin-boy to master—I do say that sailors' forecastles in many, if not most ships, as they are now constructed, are an abomination to the Christian community from which they go. It is the duty of every ship-owner to go on board his vessels, and see that the ships' crews have comfortable quarters. Forecastles such as he would be willing his own son, if a sailor, should go into and occupy; the golden rule fits in here nicely, nowhere so well as where a man, as in this case, is wholly in your power.

I stepped on board a Liverpool packet-ship the other day just to see how a packet's fore-castle might look now. I went forward and *looked* into it; 'twas too filthy to go into. It was in a division of the deck-house; a room 18 feet long, by, I should think, 6 or 8 feet wide. The berths were built along against the dividing partition, most of them intended for two men, being divided lengthwise by a rough board secured at each end by a "cleet." To get in and out the men would have to crawl over each other; and here twelve men had to live.

Nor did they have all the room even, of this small place, for on one side of the room was a pen for coals used in the gallery, and on the other side one for old ropes. Nastiness and filth prevailed. I know many a farmer who would not allow his hogs to live in such a place as those sailors had for their home.—Leaving this I went to the other end of the ship to see what kind of a place the captain and officers might have. Opened the door, looked in, apologized to the gentlemanly steward. Ah! here was something like comfort, here we see what *can* be done—veneered partitions. Crimson cushioned seats, sofas, mirrors, swinging lamps, carpets, and walnut wood tables. I thought if luxuries like these can be provided at one end of the ship, why not common comforts be provided for the other?

Who ever heard of a stove being put on board a Liverpool Packet for the use of sailors? I have heard of its having been done, but its very, very seldom—in the majority of ships, ninety-nine I think out of a hundred, there is nothing of the kind, and the sailor, often four hours on deck in cold and storm, wet to the skin with no fire to go to warm himself, no place to dry his clothes, has nothing for it but to crawl into his berth wet and cold as he is, and lie shaking and shivering till his watch below is over, when stiff, cold, wet and unrefreshed he is again called out to another four hours, duty, if indeed he has escaped call during his watch below. How would you like this? Who but a sailor would stand it? If he complains he is mutinous!



Now why cant they have stoves, and tables, and knives, and forks, and plates, and spoons, and live like Christians? Why cant they have a fire by which they can dry themselves when wet, or warm themselves when cold? Why cant it be done? Simply because of *custom* and the indifference of shipowners. I know they do not mean to wrong their men, but there is an indifference which amounts to criminality in all these things. There is no earthly reason why sailors should not have comfortable quarters and the common decencies of life.

As to their food, what do they have to eat? You may think that surely they ought to have good food, enduring what they have to endure, working as they have to work. In the best kind of a ship a sailor is on duty twelve hours, out of the twenty-four regularly. In a ship that is called "good" he is on duty fourteen hours one day and sixteen the next. In a ship such as I have sailed in, though happily not common, he is on duty eighteen hours one day and sixteen the next. So I say that men who have to work such hours as these ought to have good food. But do they have it? There comes in "custom." The old stereotyped law requires a certain kind of provision for the sailor and that is put on board by the owner or the shipmaster, and its all right. Do they have corned beef or soft bread? No. Do they have ham, bacon, eggs? No. Butter? No indeed! Chèese? No. Do they have cabbages? No. Do they have potatoes? Sometimes. Onions? No. What do they have? Well, they have what is called coarse, wholesome food, viz., hard bread, which after having made a long voyage, is found to be a little wormy or weevilly; but then rebaking will purify it, and kill the animal life, and it is a pity to waste it. So many and many a time such bread is rebaked, and put on board for sailors to eat! They have salt beef, salt pork, salt fish, rice, and beans "Ah! beans," you say. "Come, now, beans are not so bad;" and you fancy a dish of nice baked beans, hot from the oven with a nice piece of pork, or bacon, scored and crisp, rising up in the center, a happy family with smiling faces sitting around the table as in good old New England days, and you think that this is about right. No, no, nothing of the kind. Jack's idea of beans, derived from the real article, is a pint of beans boiled in a bucket of water, christened bean soup and served in a tub! They have rice,—and directly you are thinking of rice-puddings and sauce. Wrong again. Jack's rice is boiled, and molasses given him to pour over it. Coffee? Yes, they have coffee, but how is it made? If *you* want a good cup of coffee, you will have to put in two table spoonsful of ground coffee, pure, to not more than three cupfuls of water, and then when properly brewed you will add sugar and cream, and you have it. Sailors coffee is made by putting a quart of water to every table spoonfull of coffee mixture, boiled in a copper, and sweetened with molasses! "Coffee mixture" is by no means coffee, but too often is composed of a little coffee and a good deal of burned peas, and bread crusts. You can have some idea how Jack's coffee tastes if you put one cup of *your* coffee in three cups of water sweeten with molasses, and drink without milk! How do you think you would like it, and yet Jack gets his regular "coffee," and of course must not complain.

I say its a shame and an outrage. The shipowner will, after his business day is over, go to his comfortable home, perhaps he wets his boots or gets his clothes a little damp on the way, and what sympathy he meets as he enters his door! How his loving wife hastens to bring out the dressing gown, and remove the damp coat! Now the children will run for the slippers! The easy chair is drawn up, and poor father sits down by the blazing fire in the grate to rest from his hardship and exposure! And as, later on, he sits at his table sipping his tea or coffee, how much does he think of the sailor working for him, who never has even the common comforts of life much less its luxuries. What does he think of his suffering want, privation, cold and storm? What does he think of the comforts he might bestow upon him, but does not simply because *custom* does not require it. Shipowners, I believe mean generally to do right by the sailor; but is this right?

Shipowners should insist on, first, having every thing right that rests with them; giving to the sailors good food and shelter, and having good officers over them; officers that wont abuse them. Then they should say: "Captain, now I have done *my* part, do *you* treat those men well. Make them work when it is necessary, but when it is not necessary let them rest. And when you pay them make out their account, let every charge show plainly on its face, and let every sailor have it. Charge him for all he has had, but do not charge him for what he *has'nt* had. Don't charge him five dollars gold for a pound sterling that's worth but four eighty four; don't charge him a dollar for a five franc piece when its worth but 93 cents, and don't you ever drive a man on shore out of my ship in a foreign port because you can get another man cheaper in his place."

Then again there is the custom of having a slop chest on board, which is a chest of clothes, so that the sailor can go to the captain and buy a shirt or pants or such articles as he may need; and as long as a fair price is charged it is a good custom. But one hundred or two hundred per cent profit is often charged simply because the captain knows the sailor *must* have the thing. Now I would have the owner put the clothes in this slop chest, charging only profit sufficient to pay for them and the trouble, and let sailors have them for just what they cost. I do say if shipowners would adopt the reforms I have suggested, there would be the root and the foundation of a moral reform, the result of which would be glorious. Not only would the physical condition of the sailors be vastly improved, but his moral condition as well, you could then have your missionaries go down on board ships in foreign ports on Sunday, and ask the sailors to come to church, and they would not lift up their tired backs and say: "Sir, I would like to go, but the ship has been left dirty all the week, and it takes us half Sunday to get her clean." You could put your books and tracts on board of ships, and sailors would say: "We are very thankful for these now, because we have enough to eat and drink and good shelter, and have some heart to read them;" but to put them on now is little better than mockery.

Mr. President, I have done, but I seldom sit down after having made a statement in this way, but I think of a hundred things I ought to have said that I have not. And I know I have not now said all that I had intended, but if you will double all I *have* said in length, and in breadth, and in depth, and consider that the condition of the sailor, using your best efforts to induce shipowners and shipmasters to co-operate with you in trying to ameliorate his condition, you will be doing well, and God will abundantly bless your efforts.—(Applause.)

### OUR INTERNAL COMMERCE.

Very few people fully comprehend the magnitude of the commerce of our great chain of Lakes, whose capacity for navigation is shown in the following table:

	Length, miles.	Breadth, miles.	Area, sq. miles.
Superior.....	400	120	32 000
Michigan.....	320	70	21 000
Huron.....	270	145	18 950
St. Clair.....	25	18	300
Erie.....	250	45	9 300
Ontario.....	190	40	7 300
St. Luck.....	70	—	—

No longer than half a century ago, there was scarcely a craft on these waters larger than an Indian canoe—now the tonnage of side-wheel steam-

ers alone is upwards of one hundred thousand. In 1841, the gross amount of the Lake trade, independent of the property constantly changing hands, cost of vessels, and profit of the passenger trade, amounted to 65,000,000. In 1851 it had increased to \$300,000,000, and in 1861 to \$550,000,000. At the present rate of increase, the commerce of the Lakes in 1871 will amount to the enormous sum of \$1,000,000,000. In 1859, the Northwestern Lakes were navigated by 1600 vessels, whose aggregate burthen amounted to 400,000 tons. They were manned by over 13,000 seamen, navigating over 5000 miles of Lake and River coast, and transporting

over \$600,000,000 of exports and imports. The commerce of these Lakes, indeed, has so outgrown the capacity of the connecting Canals and Railroads that increased facilities are imperatively demanded. It is a singular fact, showing the tendencies of the trade of the West to the East in the shortest and most direct manner, that what was supposed to be but a temporary diversion from the Mississippi and its tributaries, through their obstruction during the war, is likely to become a permanent change. Ten or fifteen years ago, it would have been thought an idle dream to suppose that any more than a small portion of the products of the West could reach tide-water, except through the great Rivers—especially in the case of the newer States, bordering on those Rivers. But the people of that section appear to be decidedly in favor of an outlet, via the Lakes, rather than by the way of the Mississippi, inasmuch as New York and Boston are better markets for agricultural products than New Orleans, to say nothing of the superior facilities afforded here for ocean transportation to foreign markets; yet the Mississippi must always be a great highway of commerce, if the Government does its legitimate duty in keeping that mighty stream free from obstructions by wrecks, snags, &c., The interest of Chicago and other Upper Lake Cities lies in fostering and encouraging the trade of the Lakes and Canals, rather than that afforded by Rivers, while the interest of such Cities as St. Louis, Louisville, Memphis, Cincinnati, and Pittsburgh is clearly in favor of the natural water courses.

The North Western States are progressing in population through immigration and natural increase, at a marvellous rate, with a corresponding increase in production and exchanges, and the people of that section are anxious for increased outlets, in addition to those which they now possess. They clearly understand that increased transportation facilities means cheaper rates, and accordingly, in all their recent conventions, they have strenuously urged the necessity of opening new highways through the construction of ship canals. They are not particular whether these new

outlets be through Canadian territory or our own—the height of their ambition, apparently, being to secure a more direct and less expensive trade with foreign countries. If the State of New York will give them better and cheaper facilities than they can find elsewhere, they will be satisfied, and they will hardly be satisfied with anything less. It is a self-evident proposition that our canal boats of about 200 tons, passing through 352 miles of canal, subject to the present high rates of toll imposed, or even free of all tolls, cannot compete with sea-going ships of 1,000 to 1,500 tons, such as it is in contemplation to construct, passing through only 69 miles of canal in Canada, subject to merely nominal tolls and no charges for transshipment of property. We have now invested in the State Canals and the Central and Erie Railways about \$200,000,000; and the question arises whether it would not be better to expend \$50,000,000 more, if necessary, to make the routes through New York cheaper than any other. That would settle all the agitation in the North West, and the trade and exchanges, amounting to some \$300,000,000, would be retained by New York.

(For the Sailor's Magazine.)

### Sailor on the Ocean.

Sailor on the heaving ocean,  
Far away from home and friends,  
Tossed by every wave's commotion,  
Fearful till the tempest ends;  
God is speaking in the thunders  
Pealing o'er the raging main;  
Winds and waves reveal his wonders,  
Tell the world his right and reign!

Roughly rocked on mountain billows,  
Restless in the tropic calm,  
Dreaming of the downy pillows  
Blest with evening prayer and psalm,  
Dreaming of the loved ones waiting  
In the far off native land,  
Filled with hope's of loves creating  
Soon to clasp the warm right hand.

Safely kept in hours of danger  
By a Heavenly Father's arm,  
Art thou still to him a stranger,  
Now has passed the wild alarm?  
Crowned with blessings, wilt thou never  
Have a heart to tell his love?  
Have a wish to live forever  
In his blessed home above?

Thou hast seen his varied wonders,  
Thou hast felt his mighty powers,  
Thou hast heard his startling thunders,  
Shared his goodness every hour!  
Own him, then, thy loving Father,  
Make him evermore thy guest,  
Till his chosen he shall gather  
For the everlasting rest!



### Iceberg.

The word "iceberg" is composed of two German words meaning ice and mountain. An iceberg, then, is an ice mountain. These ice mountains are formed, according to an account in "The Encyclopædia Americana," in the following manner:—

"The snow on the islands or continents in the arctic regions, being melted in summer, forms collections of fresh water, which soon freezes, and increases yearly, until the mass becomes mountainous, and rises to the elevation of the surrounding cliffs. The melting of the snow, which is afterwards deposited on these enormous blocks, likewise contributes to their growth, and, by filling up the holes and crevices, renders the whole solid. When such a mass has reached the height of 1,000 or 2,000 feet, the accumulated weight, assisted by the action of the ocean at its base, plunges it into the sea, and it is driven southwards by the winds and currents, and known to mariners under the name of *iceberg*. The icebergs consist of clear, compact, solid ice, with a bluish-green tint. From the cavities in them, the northern whalers fill their casks with pure, fresh water."

So these mountains of ice, often such a terror to mariners, are also sometimes "well-springs" of joy to those who might, were it not for the relief they bring, perish for want of fresh water. They are often, like afflictions, "blessings in disguise."

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### Mr. T. M. May's report for April.

Messrs. LOOMIS & HALL.

My labors during the month among the "Sons of the Ocean" have been attended with encouraging success. It has been my privilege to meet this class of our fellow-men under all circumstances, often on shipboard or crowded into ill ventilated and poorly located Boarding houses. My soul has been stirred within me on beholding them led "as sheep to the slaughter," in the sinks of iniquity abounding in all parts of our city. My earn-

est prayer is that God in his infinite mercy will "make bare his arm," to rescue them from that terrible thralldom, "the power of drink." In my endeavours to do sailors good, I have in return been greatly blessed. The timidity with which I formerly approached them has gradually worn away. So much so that I go happily forth scattering the precious seed, or dropping a word for my master, which in God's good time may bear an abundant harvest. There is an increasing demand for *reading matter*. The Life Boat is ever a welcome visitor to the sailor's boarding house. Our Temperance meetings continue with unabated interest, from five to twenty signing the pledge weekly. Do they keep the pledge? Is a question often asked. Perhaps not in every instance, yet in general I believe they do. At our last meeting, a young sailor said to me: "I signed the pledge in 1861, and *I have kept it till now — 6 years.*" Another, a few weeks ago, said: "I have kept my pledge; I shipped 'before the mast,' I was soon promoted to 2d mate, and now I am going back as 1st mate of the same vessel. *With God's help, I will keep the pledge.*" I visit the Home daily, and always attend the Saturday evening prayer meeting. The usual amount of visiting together with other labors has been performed.

Respectfully,

THOS. M. MAY, *Missionary.*

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JEWETT CITY, Vt., May 3, 1867.

EDITOR OF SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR.—It has occurred to me that the following lines, which I have never seen in print, might whisper consolation to some sailor widow, whose

husband sleeps beneath the dark waters. Their history is this: A woman, whose husband died and was buried at sea, applied to her Pastor for some lines for the cenotaph she was about to erect to his memory. He told her that he was no poet, but he would engage the aid of a friend, who was gifted with a poetic vein. In due time the following lines were returned:

The rolling ocean, or the quiet hill;  
What matters where, the throbbing heart lies still,  
Enough, that hope illumines its place of rest;  
Earth's flowery bosom, or the green sea's breast,  
Enough, when the Saviour calls it home,  
The faithful soul shall hear his voice and come.

Yours very truly,

THOS. L. SHIPMAN.

### Religious interest among seamen.

During the month ending March 1st. sixteen persons were added to the church of the Sea and Land. Sabbath services are largely attended. The Sabbath-School numbers two hundred children.

A very interesting work is in progress on the naval-school-ship, the Sabine, at Annapolis. Quite a number of the apprentices have given their hearts to Christ.

Chaplain Noble speaks encouragingly of the state of things in the Naval Hospital at Brooklyn. The prayer-meetings are solemn, and some of the men attending them of late, have come to be hopefully converted.

### New Treasurer.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held May 7, 1867, Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., one of the Corresponding Secretaries, was also elected Treasurer, in place of R. P. Buck, Esq., resigned. Communications relating to the finances of the Society should be addressed accordingly.

### Disasters Reported in April.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost or missing during the past month, is 48, of which 26 were wrecked, 3 foundered, 11 abandoned, 2 sunk by collision, and 6 are missing. They are classed as follows, viz., 2 steamers, 5 ships, 11 barks, 8 brigs, and 22 schooners, and their total estimated valuation, exclusive of cargoes, is \$1,054,000.

Below is the list, giving names of ports, destination, &c. Those marked *w*, were wrecked, *a*, abandoned, *f*, foundered, *s c*, sunk by collision, and *m*, missing.

#### STEAMERS.

Juno, *m*, from Wilmington, N. C., for New York.  
Admiral Foote, *w*, from Corpus Christi for New Orleans.

#### SHIPS.

N. Hampshire, *a*, from Shields for Maulmain.  
Crimea, *m*, from Shields for Boston.  
Pres. Filmore, *f*, from Glasgow for New York.  
Berkshire, *sc*, from New Orleans for Havre.  
Kathy, *w*. (At Howland's Island.)

#### BARKS.

Le-Yik, *w*, from Aspinwall for Cuba.  
Diana, *a*, from New York for Cork.  
Edgar Cecil, *a*, from St. John, N. B. for Havana.  
Joseph Eneas, *w*, from Demerara for New York.  
Naumkeag, *w*, from San Francisco for Humboldt.  
N. Johnson, *w*, from New Castle, E. for New Haven.  
D. Margaretha, *w*, from Gottenburg for Boston.  
Annee Ramsay, *a*, fr. New York, for Bristol, E.  
Aug. Louise, *sc*, from New York for Tralee.  
Virginia, *a*, from New York for Donegal.  
Roscius, *w*, (Whaler.)

#### BRIGS.

Hound, *w*, from Kingston, Ja., for New York.  
Scandinavian, *w*, from Pensacola, for Queens-town.  
John Barnard, *m*, from Bonaire, for Boston.  
Quick, *w*, from Malaga for Baltimore.  
Newbury, *w*, from Trinidad for New York.  
Mary Eddy, *m*, from Messina for —  
Alendale, *w*, from New York for St. John, N. B.  
Mazatlan, *w*, from Georgetown, S. O., for Portland.

#### SCHOONERS.

Angola, *w*, from Porto Rico for New York.  
Union, *a*, from Baltimore for Jacksonville.  
Marine, *a*, from Wilmington, N. C. for New York.  
S. W. W. Simmons, *f*, from Georgetown, S. O., for Baltimore.  
White Squall, *a*, from Jacksonville for New York.  
H. O. Warren, *a*, from Ponce for Boston.  
Alfd. Thomas, *w*, from — for —  
James E. Price, *w*, fr. New Orleans for Tampa.  
Caleb Curtis, *w*, (Pilot-boat)  
Fanny Moss, *m*, from New York for Norfolk.  
Lucy Anna, *a*, St. Jago de Cuba, for Boston.  
C. L. Baylis, *a*, from New York for Fernandina.  
Mendocino, *w*, from San Francisco for —  
Jos'e Willett, *w*, from San Francisco for —  
Governor, *m*, from Lanseville, Mass., for Philadelphia.  
Jonas Sparks, *w*, from Wilmington, N. C., for Baltimore.  
C. H. Moller, *w*, from Elizabethport for Augusta, Me.  
Vesta, *w*, from Baltimore for Washington, N. C.  
Mount Home, *w*, from New Orleans for Brazos.  
Martha, *w*, from Boston for Kennebunk.  
Chief, *w*, from New Orleans for Brazos.  
Elizabeth, *f*, from Elizabethport for Norwich.

## Receipts for April, 1867.

## MAINE.

Bucksport, Henry Darling, P. F.	\$500 00
Kennebunkport, library.	12 00
South Berwick, Cong. ch.	45 79

## NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Fitzwilliam, B. R. Phillips	1 00
Marblehead	8 05
Salmon Falls	12 00
West Concord	15 00

## VERMONT.

Bennington Centre, 1st Cong. ch.	54 00
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## MASSACHUSETTS.

Agawam, libraries	37 00
Becket Centre, Cong. ch.	87 50
Boston, A. B. Snow, \$5; Anonymous, 50ct.	6 00
Anonymous, 50 cts.	62 90
Chicopee, 1st ch. and S. S.	60 60
2d ch. and S. S.	28 01
3d ch. and S. S., const. Mrs. Cordelia Van Horn L. M.	46 66
Dalton, 1st Cong. ch.	38 05
Danvers, Maple street ch. (library \$15)	1 50
East Gloucester, H. Jacobs	27 60
East Longmeadow, Cong. ch.	30 23
East Weymouth, Cong. ch.	75 00
Enfield, Cong. ch. and S. S.	48 10
Foxboro', Cong. ch.	49 86
Franklin, Cong. ch., const. Joseph T. Bacon L. M.	21 25
Lancaster, Evang'l Soc'y	70 00
Lee, Cong. ch.	63 75
Longmeadow, Gent. and Ladies' Ass'n	31 54
Lynn, 1st Cong. ch.	15 00
Mansfield, 1st Cong. ch.	27 60
Marlboro', Union Soc'y, in full, Herbert J. Albee L. M.	12 00
Newburyport, Mrs. Moore	70 00
North Amherst, Cong. ch., const. George P. Spear and Chas. H. Kellogg L. M.s.	18 89
North Bridgewater, add'l.	28 40
North Hadley, Cong'l ch. (lib's \$12)	18 82
Pittsfield, S. Cong. ch. (library)	62 00
Salem, late Peggy Dodge, per Jas. Morgan	8 46
South Danvers, Cong. ch.	86 50
South Dartmouth, Cong. ch.	8 00
South Hadley Falls, 1st ch. (Rev. R. M. Knight's)	56 00
South Wellfleet, Cong. ch.	14 73
Spencer, Cong. ch. (lib's \$30)	93 91
Springfield, 1st ch., const. Chas. H. Smith, Addison P. Ware L. M.s.	77 88
North ch. (lib's \$30)	61 82
South ch.	33 35
Stockbridge, Cong. ch.	51 35
Waltham, Cong. ch., const. Geo. H. Whitford L. M.	36 25
Westboro', Evang'l Soc'y, const. Capt. H. Bigelow L. M.	27 10
Westfield, 1st ch. \$26; 2d ch. do. \$50 16.	76 16
Westford, Cong. ch.	5 25
W. H. Garman	2 00

## CONNECTICUT.

Clinton Ct., N. Stanton	15 00
Deep River, Cong. ch.	7 41
Essex, Cong. ch.	10 00
Farmington, 1st Cong. ch., S. S. library	15 00
Greenwich, 2d Cong. ch. S. S. add'l.	1 39
H. W. R. Hoyt	2 00
Lebanon, Eleazar Huntington	10 00
Norwich, Estate Capt. E. Whiting, per Frank Johnson, Ex.	400 60
Old Lyme, 1st Cong. ch.	18 60
Stamford, 1st Cong. ch., const. Rev. R. B. Thurston L. M.	52 30
Rev. R. B. Thurston, S. S., for library	15 00
M. E. ch.	11 50
Straford, Col. G. Loomis U. S. A.	1 09

## NEW YORK.

Brooklyn, Central Cong. ch.	96 96
Clinton Av. Cong. ch., a member	100 00
Lafayette Av. Pres. ch., of which J. S. R. L. own (library \$15)	398 87
Mr. John Millard	110 00
New York City, G. ace Mission S. S. lib'ys	27 10
C. H. Dabney	25 00
Mrs. P. Bullard	20 00

C. V. S. Roosevelt	25 00
John C. Tucker	20 00
James Brown	100 0
R. Hoe & Co.	25 00
David W. Wetmore	10 00
Tansey, Bros. & Co.	5 00
J. T. T.	5 00
Joseph Howland	25 00
G. S. Stephenson	50 00
Wm. Vernon	20 00
B. F. Butler	25 00
E. D. Morgan	25 00
Capt. Kelley	3 00
" Hall	1 00
" Emery	3 00
" Wallace	1 50
" J. F. Scott	3 00
" Raymon	4 00
" Burgess	5 00
Henry Korner (Mate)	4 00
Crew of the "George Downs"	9 00

## NEW JERSEY.

Jersey City, Wayne st. R. D. ch. (library)	48 16
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## PENNSYLVANIA.

Mount Joy Pres. ch.	19 14
M. E. ch.	3 01
New London, Rev. R. P. Dubois	1 00
York, Eng. Luth. ch. con t. Rev. A. W. Lilly L. M.	48 50
Pres. ch., Sam'l Small, Mrs. Isabella C. Small, ea. \$15. C. A. Morris and M. S. C. A. Morris, ea. \$10; a friend, 50cts.	50 50

## DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Georgetown, Bridge st. Pres. ch., const. Rev. A. A. E. Taylor L. M.	53 00
Washington, Pres. ch., const. Rev. Dr. B. Sunderland L. M.	225 00
N. Y. Av. Pres. ch., const. Rev. Dr. P. D. Gurley L. M.	203 50
Seventh st. Pres. ch.	15 15
Fifteenth st. Pres. ch. (old S. S. lib'y)	12 00

## IOWA.

Knoxville, Mrs. Francis L. Savage	2 00
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## CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, J. B. Tulloch	14 40
M-riners' ch.	146 50
Falkner, Bell & Co.	25 00
L. B. Bentley & Co.	20 00
Stanford Brothers	20 00
C. A. Low & Co.	20 00
Wm. T. Cole, an & Co.	25 00
Macoudray & Co.	25 00
Charles Mintura	10 00
Wm. H. Stowell	10 00
Bray & Brother	10 00
E. H. Parker	10 00
C. G. Hooker	10 00
R. B. Swain	10 00
Mrs. G. W. Bell	5 00
" L. S. Macoudray	5 00
" A. A. Ritchie	5 00
" H. H. Haight	5 00
Geo. W. Dun	5 00

## BELGIUM.

Antwerp, British and Foreign Sailor's Soc'y	fr. 125
Dr. J. Wilson, U. S. Consul	50
E. A. Grattan, British Consul	50
M. H. Simpson, Boston	50
Capt. Sam'l E. Flint, Antwerp	50
" F. S. Bosworth, Antwerp	50
Rev. J. H. Pettencell	50
Auguste Andie	25
Gresar & Marsily	25
D. Steinman	20
Steamer N. Stanhope	20
Capt. Amos Crosby	20
" Wm. Putnam	20
" Sam'l Sewall	20
Rev. Robert Ryson	20
Capt. Jacob, 10 fr.; O-pt. George Douglass, 10 fr.	20
Capt. Thos. O'Brien, 10 fr.; Jas. S. Fraser, 10 fr.	20
A. Baker, 10 fr.; S. S. Col., 25 fr.	35

fr. 670 \$129 00

\$5,955 61



# THE LIFE BOAT



June, 1867.] Published by the American Seamen's Friend Society. [Vol. 8. No. 6.

## **Ships.**

Some of our readers may never have seen a ship, with sails or steam to move it on the deep waters. Nearly all the children who live by the sea-side know a great deal about ships, and can tell what kind of a vessel it is, as soon as they get a good look at it. They know a ship has three masts and a sloop has but one. And they can tell a brig from a schooner by its looks, just as easily as a little boy said he knew another "by the looks of his face."

But there are thousands of little folks who never saw the sea and have no idea how a ship looks, only from the pictures they have seen. Even these children would be rather sadly off however, if there were no ships at all, and perhaps we should all miss them more than we think. This is true of nearly everything that adds to our comfort and happiness.

It is doubtless true that we could sustain life if there were no ships in the world, and had never been any. But we should be very ignorant indeed. We should have but little knowledge of any people or country except our own, and should probably suppose that we were the only people on the face of the earth. In fact it is difficult to see how we

should be a people at all, for surely there could be no United States if there had never been any ships. Columbus would never have known whether there was another continent or not, if he had not had a ship in which he could sail in search of it.

We should know very little of what God has made or of the works of men were it not for ships. Many of the most beautiful things that we see, aside from the works of nature around us, we receive by means of ships. Many articles of food and of clothing are brought to us in ships. Very much that we learn from books we should never have known in any other way. We should be little else but savages in habits, in dress and in ignorance.

And there is one reason above all others why we could not dispense with ships. Without these the world could never be converted to God. At least we could never be the instruments of leading them to a knowledge of the blessed Saviour. Now a little child here in America may exert an influence for good upon children that are many thousands of miles away.

No other ships seem quite so useful and important as those that carry forth the missionaries of the cross, who go to the poor, degraded heathen

to tell them of the only true God, and of the way of salvation by Jesus Christ. And how many ships there may be now on the water, bearing just such a precious burden! Some of our good missionaries are obliged to live for month in these vessels before they reach the field of their labours. Would it not be well for us all to ask God each day to take care of the godly men and women who are going in them on such an errand of love and mercy? We know that God regards the sincere prayer of a little child, and may be in this way some child will prove a great blessing, though none but God shall know the instrument.

And there is another class of ships that we should remember in our prayers. It is a great pity that while some ships are so very useful, others should be the means of a great deal of evil. But such is the sad truth. For there are vessels that go to the very same places where our missionaries go, that have wicked men in them, who teach the poor people there to swear and to get drunk, and to do many things that are very sinful.

Let us then pray "for all who go down to the sea in ships, and do business on great waters."—*Child's World*.

#### The Boy's resolve.

I would like to have ruddy cheeks, and bright eyes, and strong limbs. But they say that strong drink dims the eye, and whitens the cheek, and enfeebles the frame—therefore, I will not drink at all.

I would like to have a clear mind, so that I may be able to think on great things, and serve God, and do good to others, and prepare to die. But they say that strong drink clouds the mind and often destroys it—therefore, I will not drink at all.

I would like to have a peaceful heart, and a quiet conscience, so that I may be happy while I am here. But they say that strong drink fills many a heart with misery and implants in many a conscience a sting—therefore, I will not drink at all.

I would like to have a quiet home, and happy fireside, where I could

rejoice with loving brothers, and sisters, and parents. But they say that strong drink makes ten thousand homes wretched and miserable—therefore, I will not drink at all.

I would like to go to heaven when I die, that I may dwell with Jesus in glory for ever. But they say that strong drink keeps many from entering into heaven, and casts them down to hell—therefore, I will not drink at all.

#### Library reports.

No. 1887. Captain Lanfare of the brig, "George Downs," writes as follows: "This Library has been three voyages. All the books have been read with more or less interest. I have read some of them *twice*, and so have others. *I believe I have found my Saviour since it has been on board.* I gave away one volume in St. Kith, with strong hopes of doing good." With his letter was a donation of nine dollars, contributed by the captain, 1st and 2d mate, steward and five of the crew, showing their appreciation of this Library work.

589. "Books have all been read with great interest; hope some on board have been improved. We return our thanks to the Society for its use.

E. G. BLANCHARD."

This Library has been refitted and reshipped on the "Carrie Hyer."

#### Good for Jack.

A cabin-boy on board a ship, the captain of which was a religious man, was called up to be whipped for some misdemeanor. Little Jack went crying and trembling to the captain:

"Pray, sir, will you wait till I say my prayers?"

"Yes," was the stern reply.

"Well, then," replied Jack, looking up and smiling triumphantly, "I'll say them when I get ashore."

SPIRITUAL AND SPIRITUOUS.—Last year the people of England paid to religious institutions \$2,800,000, and the tax on spirits paid to the government amounted to \$70,000,000.

### A Cup of Cold Water.

There is a pleasant story told of a man living on the borders of an African desert, who carried daily a pitcher of cold water to the dusty thoroughfare, and left it for any thirsty traveler that might pass that way. There is something so quiet and spontaneous, so genial and unselfish in this little act of kindness, that it meets an instinctive response from the common heart. It is such a little thing, and yet so full of blessing to the weary pilgrim, panting with thirst amid burning wastes and under tropical skies! There is such an outgleam of goodness from the humble deed, that it touches our hearts with genial sympathy, and glowing impulses of kindness for the needy and sorrowing of our world. Such humble deeds of pity need but an infusion of the Christian element, in the motive—love to Jesus—to make them not only beautiful in the eyes of men, but *beautiful* in the sight of him, who said: "And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

Not only in African deserts may such deeds be done. Our world is a spiritual *Sahara*, a vast desert full of pilgrims that are wayworn and weary, to whose fainting lips may be pressed, by loving hands, the cup of *cold water*. And here we touch what is the special beauty of the benediction of Christ upon the kindly deed, however humble. There may be wanting the talents, or position, or means, for great achievements or enlarged beneficence, but Christ tells us that the least gift to one of his needy disciples for *His* sake, shall not lose its reward. It may be but a look or warm grasp of sympathy, to some disconsolate spirit; it may be but a visit to some lonely couch of sickness with your flowers and the divine promises and the offered prayer; it may be but a word of encouragement to some one weary with the conflict of life; it may be your helping hand to some neglected child you have led to the Sabbath school, and taught the way to virtue and to heaven; it may be

but the genial sunshine of your heart, diffusing joy among the loved ones at home—whatever it may be of kindness and love to any one of Christ's disciples, in his name, and for his sake, he takes it as a flower of remembrance and will press it in the book of life, and keep it for ever. Yes, these little generousities of every day life, these ministers of charity that run along the by-ways of a great city, blessing the poor and neglected—those pulses of love that run through our homes and circulate around the globe, are beautiful in the sight of Jesus! And when he shall come in his glory he will remember the "*cups of cold water*" given to his disciples, and in recognition of their unconscious ministry to *himself*, utter that final welcome, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world"—with the unexpected supplement, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Let no one say, however limited or lowly his sphere, that there is nothing in the common routine of daily life to inspire him with the aim and effort of noble living. Does not the teaching of Christ invest the humblest deed of a loving heart in his service, though it be but the giving of a cup of cold water with a divine beauty and glory. What would we, *greater*, than what, in *opportunity*, God hath given to us all? And shall we let the fewness of our talents discourage us, in constant and genial living for Christ, and his needy disciples, or allow the humbleness of earthly fortunes to shade the brow that may be radiant with the crown of virtue? No, rather let us use our gifts and opportunities, though feeble and few, in such ways of kindness and charity and Christian living, as shall make us a blessing to our generation, and give us here the earnest of heaven.

"This world's not all a fleeting show,  
For man's illusion given,—  
He that hath soothed a widow's woe,  
Or wiped an orphan's tear, doth know  
There's something here of heaven."

*Lutheran Observer.*



### The Tavern-Keeper's Dog.

There is a tavern-keeper in a certain town who keeps a sly but savage dog. I cannot tell you how many people the cur has bitten; though I am sure that it has fastened its teeth in a very, very large number. Among them are several lads. They went there to learn to smoke. At first they lounged about the stoop, but finally they went inside; and the dog gave them grips which made them feel very great pain.

"What makes the man keep such a dog?" you ask.

Because it *pays* him. The dog is very peculiar. Somehow, people love to go where it is. They even pay for every *nip* they get. They don't exactly like being bitten, because the bite hurts badly; and yet they like to go and play with the dog so well, that they pay the tavern-man for the privilege.

You don't understand, eh? Perhaps, if I tell you the dog's name, the case will be clearer. It is *intoxicating drink*: that's the TAVERN-KEEPER'S DOG. You understand now, as I see by your smile. Very good! I advise you to give the creature a "wide berth" by keeping as far away from the tavern and rum-selling-grocery as possible. Beware of the tavern-keeper's dog!—*S. S. Advocate*.

### Sailors' Yarns.

Two sailors being in company together, were relating the most remarkable instances that happened in their voyages. One said they found it so hot going to Guinea, that they used no fire to boil their kettle, but dressed all their meat above deck, in the sunshine; and could bake, broil, fry, or stew as well as at a large fire.

The other said, "I never was in so hot a climate as that; but I've been many degrees to the northward, where it has been so cold it has frozen our words in our mouths, so that we could not hear one another speak, till we came into a warmer latitude to thaw them; and then when all our discourse broke out together, like a clap of thunder; there was never such a confusion of tongues heard at Babel.

### The Bad Mark.

A man came up to a master-workman of a large establishment to get a situation for a neighbor's boy.

"I've got a new boy for you," he said to the foreman.

"Glad of it," said the other; "who is he?" The neighbor mentioned his name and residence.

"Don't want him," said the master, promptly. "He's got a bad mark. I meet him every day with a cigar in his mouth. I don't want smokers."

It was a bad mark, indeed, for any boy, though I dare say he thought it made him appear very smart and man-like. It was certainly like the men one sees about the benches and doors of taverns and liquor-shops. They usually have a cigar or an old pipe stuck in their mouths. But they are not very good models for our young men and boys. They can find a great deal better ones.

### Can't Leave the Store.

Little Mary was discussing the great hereafter with her mamma, when this dialogue ensued:

Little Mary—"Mamma, will you go to Heaven when you die?"

Mamma—"Yes, I hope so, my child."

Mary—"Well, mamma, I hope I'll go, too, or you'll be lonesome."

Mamma—"Oh, I hope your papa will go, too."

Mary—"Oh no, papa can't go; he can't leave the store."

Mamma thought she had a good rebuke for papa, as, very often, when asked to accompany her to prayer-meetings, his reply is:

"*Can't leave the store.*"

### American Seamen's Friend Society.

REV. HARMON LOOMIS, D.D., } *Cor. Sec'.*  
REV. S. H. HALL, D.D., }

MR. L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent*.

OFFICES 180 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.  
AND } Bible H., Phil'a, Rev. S. BONHOMME.  
ADDRESS 13 Cornhill, Boston, Rev. S. W. HANES

### Terms of the Life Boat.

THE LIFE-BOAT is published for the purpose of diffusing information and awakening an interest more especially among the young, in the moral and religious improvement of seamen, and also to aid in the collection of funds for the general objects of the Society. Any Sabbath School or individual who will send us \$15 for a Loan Library, shall have fifty copies gratis, monthly, for one year, with postage prepaid.

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Ocean Queen,  
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&c., &c.



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Montana,  
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St. Louis,

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## FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society.

## SHIPS' LIBRARIES.

Loan Libraries for ships are furnished at the offices, 80 Wall street and 13 Cornhill, Boston, at the shortest notice. Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at the Office, or at the Depository of the New York Bible Society, 7 Beekman street.

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For shipwrecked and destitute seamen are solicited from the Ladies, and the benevolent generally, Also bedding, &c., for the Sailor's Home.

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All respectable Savings' Banks are open to deposits from Seamen, which will be kept safely and secure regular instalments of interest. Seamen's Savings' Banks as such are established in New York, 78 Wall street, and Boston, Tremont street, open daily between 10 and 3 o'clock.

## SAILORS' HOMES.

LOCATION.	ESTABLISHED BY	KEEPERS.
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" 2 Dover street, (colored) .....	" "	W. P. Powell.
PORTLAND, foot of India street .....	Maine Seamen's Union.	Thomas Bailey.
BOSTON, 99 Purchase street .....	Boston Sea. Friend Society	Capt. F. G. Atwood.
PHILADELPHIA, 422 South Front street .....	Penn. Sea. Friend Society	Capt. Dan'l Tracy.
CHARLESTON, S. C. ....	Charleston Port Society	Mrs. John Carraw.
MOBILE, .....	.....	Henry Parsons.
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NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court .....	Ladies' Br. N. E. P. S.	David Isley.
BALTIMORE, 65 Thames street .....	Sea. Union Bethel Society	Edward Kirby.
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SAVANNA, foot of Jefferson street .....	.....	Capt. O. C. Parker.

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" 46 Catharine, cor. Madison st. ....	" "	" E. D. Murphy.
" Cor. Water and Dover streets .....	Mission	" Cyrus Hamlin.
" 27 Greenwich street .....	" "	" B. F. Millard.
" foot of Pike street, E. R. ....	Episcopal Miss. Society	" R. W. Lewis.
" foot of Hubert street, N. R. ....	do.	" H. F. Roberts.
" Open air Service, Coenties Slip, ..	do	" Robt. J. Walker.
" Swedish & English, Pier 11, N. R. ....	Methodist	" O. G. Hedstrom.
" Oliver, cor. Henry street .....	Baptist	" J. L. Hodge, D.D.
" 52 Market street .....	Sea and Land, Presbyterian	" S. F. Fanner.
BROOKLYN, 8 President Street .....	A. S. F. Society	" E. O. Bates.
" 22 South-street, .....	Episcopal Mission	" O. Helland.
ALBANY, Montgomery street .....	Methodist	" Rob't Walker.
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MOBILE, Water street .....	Mobile Sea. Friend Society	" Wm. B. Yates.
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# American Seamen's Friend Society.

Organized, May, 1828.—Incorporated, April, 1833.

**OBJECTS.** 1.—The promotion of the welfare of Three Millions of Seamen, employed on 150,000 vessels, having Sixteen Millions of Tonnage; to protect them from imposition and fraud; to prevent them from becoming a curse to each other and the world; to rescue them from sin and its consequences, and to **SAVE THEIR SOULS.**

2.—To sanctify commerce, an interest and a power in the earth—second only to religion itself—and make it everywhere serve as the handmaid of Christianity.

**MEANS OF ACCOMPLISHMENT.** 1.—The Preaching of the Gospel by Missionaries and Chaplains, and the maintenance of Bethel Churches in the principal ports of this and foreign countries. In connection with its Branches and Auxiliaries, the Society employs, in the various departments of its work at home and abroad, seventy laborers, a large proportion of whom are ordained clergymen. It has stations in China, Japan, the Sandwich Islands, Chili, Peru, France, Belgium, Norway, Denmark, Sweden, New Brunswick, &c., and will establish others, as its funds shall allow.

2.—The monthly publication of the **SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND**, designed to gather and communicate information bearing upon the subject, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Christians of every name, in securing the objects of the Society.

3.—Loan Libraries, composed of carefully selected, instructive and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between forty and fifty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews, and placed as a general thing in the care of converted sailors, who thus become, for the time, effective missionaries among their shipmates. More than 2,200 of these Libraries, thus consigned, and chiefly provided by special contributions from Sabbath Schools, are now afloat, and occasionally heard from as doing good service.

4.—The establishment of Sailors' Homes, Reading Rooms, Savings Banks; the distribution of Bibles, Tracts, &c.

The Sailor's Home, 190 Cherry Street, New York, is the property and under the direction of the Society. It was opened in 1842, since which time to May 1st, 1866, it has accommodated 70,713 boarders. More or less shipwrecked seamen are constantly provided for at the Home. A Missionary of the Society is in daily attendance, and religious meetings are held on week day evenings.

The Society also aids the Home for Colored Sailors, an excellent institution under the care of Mr. W. P. Powell, 2 Dover Street.

Similar institutions exist, under the care of Societies auxiliary to this, in the cities of Boston, Philadelphia, Portland, New Orleans, San Francisco, and at Honolulu, S. I.

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